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PEACE WITH CHINA.

The peace with China is not only an important, but a very satisfactory event. It is a pleasant bit of news in itself, and will have the indirect effect of giving us a few thousand soldiers and some gunboats for our Indian campaigns. We have all along felt that a certain want of dignity belonged to a war (if war it can be called), which rose out of the *Arrow* business, and its termination alone being an agreeable affair, we are further pleased when we find it accompanied with solid advantages.

Of course, one of the earliest results of this news, so suddenly brought us, *en* Russia and France, just in time to be the topic of the week, was to set people squabbling as to whose was the merit of it. The famous *lorcha*, long high and dry, and as much out of fashion as another Chinese boat, the "junk," was tumbled again to be discussed. But surely this was sad waste of time. Though the treaty be good, it does not follow that every step in our proceedings before the treaty was good likewise, any more than it follows that Palmerston foresaw it, when he first backed up Bowring in his violence of October, 1856. In the complications of politics strange things occur. It was a wonderful coincidence that the soldiers intended for China should be just in time for the mutiny in Bengal; yet not even an officer fresh from Cambridge House in his finest waistcoat, will pretend that Pam foresaw that conjuncture. Let us be thankful that the re-opening of the whole question between China and the West has led to a good result—and yet retain our belief that the great Chinese hubbub of the winter and spring of 1856-7, was an appeal to the vulgar love of excitement inherited from the Russian war. It is not uncharitable to suppose that that excitement did what was wanted of it when it helped to give the Premier a majority at the opening of the present Parliament; and that previous tendencies in the relations between the two countries have under the skilful development of Lord Elgin, led to the existing satisfactory state of things.

In our opinion, no division of party will, for the future, much influence our policy towards countries like China. There can only be one policy in the long-run, a persistence in attaining closer connection with them on honourable terms. There must be no filibustering, no brutal freaks of passion, but there may

be, justly, coercion brought to bear to enforce a connection which in itself is of a fair and hopeful kind. All history is the record of the movement of races, and of their intercommunication, and without this last, where would the civilisation of any country be? The force used to bring inferior tribes into good relations with their betters is really analogous to that which we employ towards children and fools; as, indeed, no generation but one haunted by quacks and canters beyond all bounds, would need to be told.

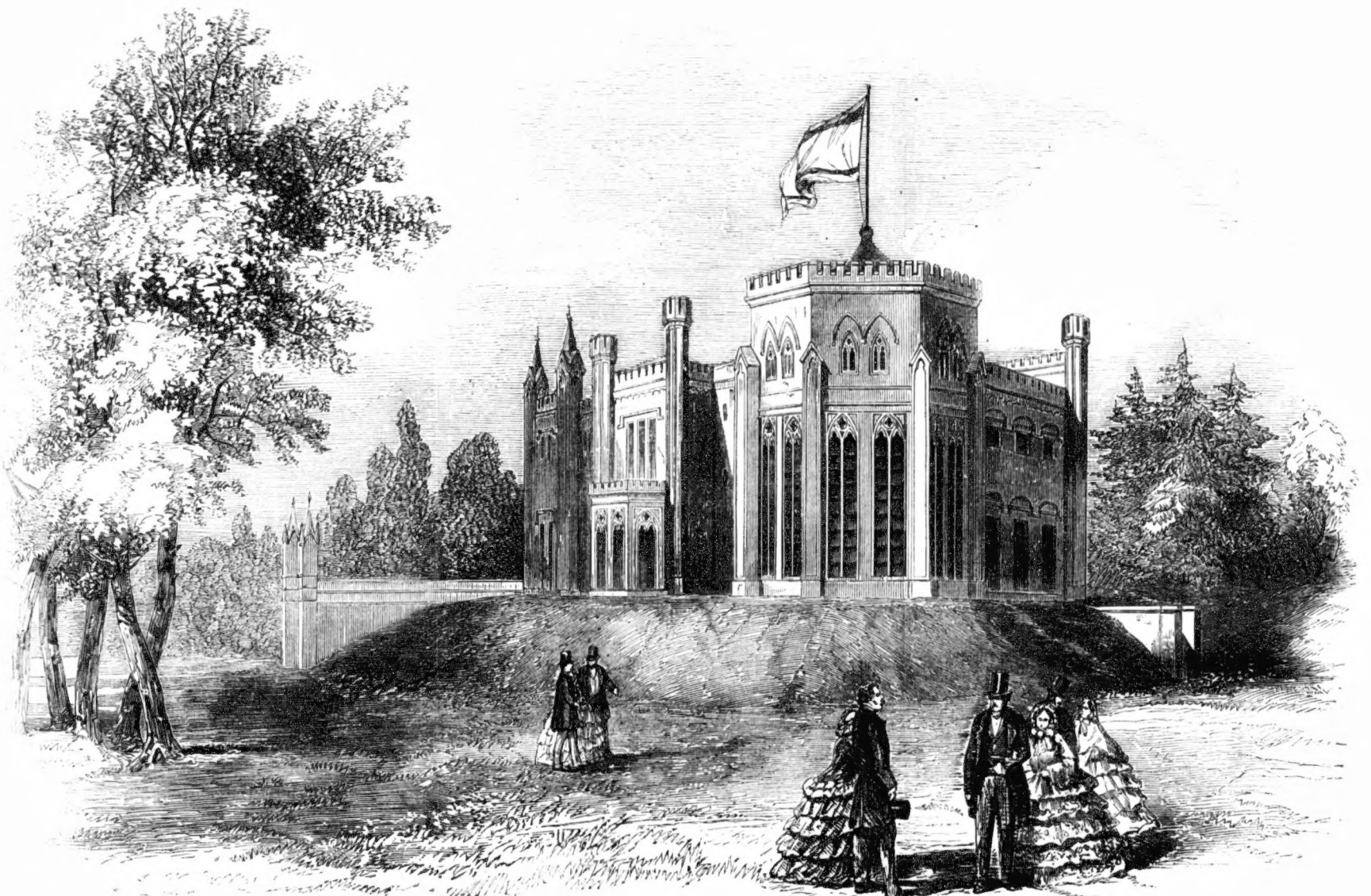
Now, the fact best known about China hitherto has been its isolated life and character. And this is typified by the curious circumstance that the best known Chinese public work is a wall intended to keep other races out. Of course, it has not succeeded, for Tartar irruptions have frequently renewed the vigour of the Government, and the pagoda which we recognise as the national emblem is only an architectural reminiscence of the Tartar tent—the sign of a people (like all great peoples) ever ready to be on the wing! But still, there is justification for the belief, which we all have, of their antique persistence in seclusion, and they have been made into that peculiar type of face and character which marks them by such seclusion. Only, there have been many signs lately that the immemorial system is breaking up. Civil war has desolated their country. Tens of thousands of them have emigrated to Australia and California, and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Their institutions are on the wane. They are losing (as the curious book of the Abbé Huc shows) the traditional moral element which held them together for ages; and are now ready to seek fresh employment for their energies and faculties in trade with foreigners, or in emigration. So that their internal condition really seems to suit, as a phase in *their* career, the pushing, far-reaching propaganda which is a phase in *ours*.

Hitherto, the contact of the two movements has not been of a nature which we can altogether contemplate with pleasure. Our old and main trade with them in tea has proved one of the most important social facts of the modern world, so great has been its consumption in all classes, and especially among the poor. But it is not so good a thing to remember that having traded peacefully in tea, we should have come to blows about opium: even admitting that it is not necessarily our duty to pass Maine-laws

for the protection of the morals of eastern nations. Still, if opium-trading has been the occasion, a better species of trading may be the result of our battles. The men of Raleigh's time did not know that their real El Dorado would prove to be the United States; and we, in trying to sell opium, and the Chinese in buying it, may be the pioneers of an altogether wiser barter.

It is certainly the fact, that the Chinese, according to the best travellers, have many of the qualities which make nations great, and great especially in business. They are infinitely industrious and ingenious, a quick-witted, imitative, frugal race of men, and combine with all their "celestial" pride, and talk of "barbarians," the most extensive liberalism in speculative matters. We need not fear, if we settle among them, those frantic outbreaks of fanaticism which have harassed us so much in India. They are of a philosophic turn, worship in their own way, and allow you to worship in yours; and all they want is not to be robbed and cudgelled, which (insisting on a similar restraint on their parts) Europe may well afford to secure them.

The treaty seems, according to the best lights by which we can yet read it, to have provided for all the essential wants of this country in its dealings with China. The ports are to be thrown open. The Christian religion is to be freely practised. Consuls and diplomatists are to have access to Peking. Indemnities are to be paid to England and France. Thus, we are made right in matters of trade, religion, and communication, and are paid for having secured these advantages by force! We cannot doubt that in all essential particulars this account is accurate. At the same time, the point on which we are chiefly dubious, is the pecuniary one; that is to say, we are afraid there will be some difficulty in getting the expenses of the war out of the Celestial Exchequer. They paid, honestly enough, the sum required from them, after the hostilities which began in 1840, but have not the recent social convulsions made the process more difficult for them? Time only can show; but, meanwhile, the whole news is amongst the most satisfactory which has lately reached this country, and when once our new system gets into working order, we hope many a long day will pass before another angry gun is fired in the waters which carried Lord Elgin and his French colleagues up to the neighbourhood of the famous city of Peking.



BABELSBURG, PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, NEAR POTSDAM.

BABELSBURG.

Potsdam, raised by Royal munificence from the state of an obscure, quiet market-place to the splendour of a metropolis, has, during a course of more than a hundred years, been favoured by the Prussian Kings. Police rapidly succeeded to police, each Prince rivaling his predecessor. One of the most modern structures of this kind is the Castle of Babelsburg, where Her Majesty has been staying. It is situated about a mile from Potsdam, rising on a hill, and is a detached ground opposite the Virgin and Holy Lakes, and was built about twelve years ago as a country seat for the Prince of Prussia. The Tudor style prevails in the outline of the main building and higher towers; while the diminutive height of some side wings satisfies the taste of those longing for simplicity in a rural abode. A large number of detached buildings are scattered over a park surrounding the Castle to the extent of 400 acres. Nothing can be more beautiful than to look from the single watch-tower erected in the delightful half-Gothic, half-sublimed style of mediæval German cities) rising from the solitude of the woody domain. In the early morning, when the meadows lie in shadow, or about sunset, when the sombre tints of the native fir woods of Brandenburg deepen into a richer hue, while two or three fishermen are plying their craft on the Havel, the scene has a quiet beauty of its own, filling the mind with feelings such as, according to the opinion of the Prussians of those parts, can only be realised by the inhabitants of the plain. The park is the creation of that famous Prince Puckler-Muskau, who, after having travelled for years in the East, retired to the sands of his fatherland, to make landscape gardening a science and its practice an art.

As to the Castle itself, it forms an oblong structure, whose principal front, facing the water, is about 150 feet long. The side-wings, being for a great part attached to the principal front, do not extend very far behind. About ninety rooms is the sum of the apartments contained in the whole building, the interior being built and fitted with the chaste nobility of the purely Gothic style.

"With the sole exception of the glorious Wittelsbacher Schloss, at Munich," says a correspondent, "I do not remember any other royal palace all over Europe in the minutest niceties of whose appearance the attributes of one and the same style have been so carefully preserved as really to transport you, as far as locality is concerned, into a different and long-passed age of mankind." At the same time, the furniture and general arrangement of the dwelling-rooms in Schloss Babelsburg are extremely simple.

A set of apartments, however, which two years ago were added to the main building, with a view of serving as a country retreat for the Princess Royal and her husband, are fitted up in the most luxurious manner. In order to surround the bride with all the refinements and gorgeous splendour of every quarter of the globe, the severe features of the pure Gothic have in this wing been suffered to undergo a considerable blending with the *bon goût* of Paris.

In former years, before the Princess of Prussia had retired to Chlitz, she and the Prince used to spend the summer in this charming abode. This has not been the case, however, during the last eight years except on short visits. Her Royal Highness revisited the place after her long absence, in order to receive there Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Her Majesty has the whole Castle at her disposal, save the above-mentioned side-wing, where are located the Prince and Princess Frederick-William. Thus Her Majesty lives, in immediate and daily intercourse with her daughter.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor and Empress arrived on Saturday at St. Cloud, from their tour through Brittany. Rennes, the capital of the province, was the last point touched by the Emperor. The *flex* there were on the grandest scale, and a most successful progress was brought triumphantly to an end. The "Independent Press" states that a petition on a grand scale has been "presented" in Brittany, giving the Emperor to order the title of Duke of Brittany upon the Imperial Prince. However that may be, the Bretons are impatient to see a man, there can be no doubt. It is reported at Rennes, that a Legation, formerly a member of the Republican Assemblies, having gone the other day to visit Count Chambord, told him that in Brittany he would still find a staff, but that he must no longer reckon upon soldiers.

The Paris press is very busy at the Jewish betrothal, because France had no share in it. This journal goes so far as to call upon its Government to demand explanations from this country. (We reported this affair in a second edition last week.)

Some machines are about to be tried in secret on a charge of having something to do with the manufacture of bombs like those made use of by Orsini in his attempt of January last. These workmen were captured at St. Etienne.

SPAIN.

MARSHAL O'DONNELL appears bent upon conquering an Algeria for Spain on the African coast. The robberies committed by the Riff pirates on the coast of Morocco to serve as a pretext, and the town of Melilla has been chosen as the point of landing for an expedition which is to leave Cadiz, and consist of 2,000 men. A letter, speaking of this project, says:—

"In consequence of the entire and insular off-set to the Spanish flag by the Moorish tribes in the neighbourhood of Melilla, and the daily complaints of the Spanish authorities in Africa, the idea of an expedition on a great scale appears to be begun on the coast. We learn, on good authority, that before Her Majesty's departure for the provinces, the question of an expedition to Africa was formally brought forward in a Cabinet Council by O'Donnell himself, and that, having been approved of, an expedition on the Queen's return to Madrid will be carried into effect."

The despatch of the projected Franco-Spanish expedition against Cochinchina has been delayed by the French being engaged in Canton and in the Potho. The Spanish troops at Manila are ready to embark at a moment's notice.

The Government has received a great number of petitions from planters and traders in the Isle of Cuba, "urging the granting of the authorisation demanded some months ago for the introduction of 60,000 Chinese workmen, the scarcity of negroes being very severely felt." The Royal Council has reported favourably on the question.

The French journal at Madrid recommends Spain to restore her navy, so as to become, "like France, one of the first maritime nations of the world, and, like her, make England tremble."

AUSTRIA.

The Empress of Austria gave birth to a son and heir-apparent to the throne of the empire on Sunday morning. Before this event the Archduke Maximilian, the governor of Lombardy, was heir-presumptive. The new-born Prince was baptised on Monday, at the Chateau de Luxembourg. He is christened Rudolph Francis Charles Joseph. By decree the baby is already appointed Proprietor and Colonel of the 19th Regiment of Infantry.

The "Cologne Gazette" says:—"During the late military manoeuvres at the camp of Neuwied, near Vienna, an incident took place, the notices of which have not yet been cleared up. The Hungarian regiment Don Miguel fired ball-cartridge on a German regiment drawn up in front of it, killing three men and seriously wounding eight others. According to another account, the regiment, which was composed partly of Hungarians and partly of Italians, was incensed at General Degenfeld, because he had praised a Bohemian regiment at their expense, and they fired upon their rivals, not with balls, for they had none, but with stones."

PRUSSIA.

Every day produces new reports as to the state of health, as well as to the intentions, of the King of Prussia. According to the latest accounts, he has at length resolved formally to transfer the government of the kingdom to his brother. Whether his Majesty will

abdicate, or whether the Prince of Prussia will rule as Prince Regent, is not said.

RUSSIA.

An order of the day published by Prince Bariatinski to the Army of the Caucasus on the occasion of the late successes over the Circassians is published in the St. Petersburg journals. The date is July 21. The troops of the left flank of the Caucasian line are said to have penetrated a vast almost impracticable district into the territory of the Chaboute tribe. Schanly's men were cut in pieces, so that the terrified inhabitants ran piously welcomed the Russian soldiers.

Negotiations have lately been set on foot for establishing a better understanding between Russia and Austria. The mediators are the Grand Duke of Hesse (whose wife is the sister of the Czar) and M. de Budberg.

ITALY.

There has been a fresh conflict between Roman and French soldiers. As two Roman artillerymen were passing near the Barberini Palace, they were insulted by some French soldiers. The artillerymen immediately drew their swords and attacked the French. One of the Romans wounded one of the latter, and then took to flight, but fell, and was arrested.

The re-establishment of friendly relations between England and Naples is still announced as probable.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

The Sultan's prodigality is the newest topic in Constantinople. "The Sultan's expenditure has increased, is increasing, and ought to be cut down," is the universal cry which resounds through the whole empire. The Minister, who is at the end of his wits, and financial legendein, whispers it with a sigh; the *employé*, who gets paid in paper, murmurs it cautiously; the army, which is months—not to say years—in arrear, raises it loudly; the people utter it indignantly; and even the usurer, who makes a fortune by this recklessness, afraid of the consequences, has begun to join in it clamorously. Never was the *cor populis* more clearly heard, and never more justly raised. No sovereign in Europe has a larger civil list than the Sultan of Turkey. According to the last arrangement, made about two years ago, it amounts to £1,200,000 sterling in round numbers, which surpasses by far that of any other sovereign, if we compare it with the whole revenue of the empire, which is between £7,000,000 and £8,000,000 sterling.

The announcement that Prince Danilo has punished the leaders of that band of his subjects who pillaged the peaceful town of Kolachin, in the Herzegovina, is confirmed; but "the punishment is rather a lenient one, considering the atrocity of the deed."

The Hamburg "Börsenhalles," generally supposed to be an Austrian semi-official organ, says that the immediate recall of Sir Henry Bulwer from Constantinople is imminent, and that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe will resume his former post as Ambassador. Sir Henry is accused of having supported the policy advocated by M. de Thouvenel, and of thereby endangering English influence.

AMERICA.

The success of the Atlantic telegraph scheme has created an extraordinary excitement in America. The journals are full of it, and of nothing else.

A Washington despatch to the "New York Express" says:—"Some months ago, when the Presidents of Nicaragua and Costa Rica met, and amicably arranged the question of boundary between the two countries, they also prepared an address or appeal in the names of their respective Governments, and despatched to those of France and Great Britain, inviting their protection and assistance against the United States. Our Government has, in consequence, proceeded to act in such a manner as will plainly but firmly indicate to all foreign Powers that the United States will not consent to their interference in Central American affairs, nor to any measures which may have the effect of injuring our interests in that quarter, and obstructing the transit routes to and from the Pacific. The Government will act in accordance with the Monroe doctrine."

We are informed that the War Department is fully awake to the importance of the new gold discoveries and their effects upon our settlements in Oregon and Washington territories; and Governor Floyd has determined to make quick work of our Indian disturbances by a vigorous campaign. San Francisco journals endeavour to show the Fraser diggings are delusive; but other accounts confirm a fact that we have already heard of their richness. New gold discoveries are reported at Owen's Lake, in Southern California. This may check emigration to the British diggings, but already there are 3,000 people there.

Later news has been received from Utah. The territory was perfectly tranquil. None of the soldiers of General Johnston's army were allowed to enter Salt Lake City, and strict orders had been issued prohibiting any interference with the Mormons. The Peace Commissioners had left for Washington. This is according to some accounts; others represent that the Mormons are becoming almost threatening, and trouble is still apprehended.

The receipts into the United States treasury for the quarter ending on the 30th of June were over 23,000,000 dollars, including 9,850,000 dollars from customs, and 12,629,000 dollars from Treasury notes. The expenditures for the same period were 22,730,000 dollars, including nearly 1,000,000 dollars for interest on the public debt and the payment of Treasury notes.

CANADA.

The Ministerial crisis in Canada is at an end. The new Cabinet is constituted as follows:—The Hon. John Ross, President of the Council; Geo. E. Cartier, Attorney-General for Lower Canada; John A. Macdonald, Attorney-General for Upper Canada; Sidney Smith, Postmaster-General; Alexander T. Galt, Inspector-General; John Rose, Solicitor-General for Lower Canada; George Sherwood, Receiver-General; Charles Allen, Secretary of the Province; Louis V. Sicotte, Commissioner of Public Works; Phillip M. Vankoughnet, Commissioner of Crown Lands; N. T. Bellean, Speaker of the Legislative Council. Parliament was to be prorogued on the day the steamer sailed.

THE LOCKS OF SAMSON.—"Forts and ships" (says the "Revue de Deux Mondes"), "do not constitute all that is wanted in a great navy. Whatever may be the courage and the capacity of our seamen, if we thought of one day attaining to the maritime supremacy that alone could disquiet England, we should be obliged to form, first, a maritime population, far more considerable than that whence we take our sailors. If we intend to equal England on the seas, the best road to take is, first, to equal her by commerce and trade. The merchantmen of our neighbour are for ever the source and the security of her men-of-war."

GERMAN IDEAS OF ENGLAND.—"We are only expressing the general feeling, when we say that no crowned head in Europe received so hearty a welcome from our people as Queen Victoria. We are not a bit ashamed to admit England's superiority. In history, commerce, trade, national and political condition, England is our superior. Two centuries ago she stood her trial in the destruction of Absolutism, which we now-a-days vainly endeavour to achieve. She has a national conscience, which we are striving for. She is our superior in every branch of native produce; she offers us an example in commerce, in her social institutions, her enterprise, perseverance, and determination of purpose. And this is why England is, and will remain for us, a model for imitation in all questions of political liberty, in all relations between the people and the dynasty. And as an honest and straightforward man feels pleasure in expressing his respect for an object worthy of admiration, so does the progress-loving Prussian people feel pleasure in expressing its admiration to the Queen, as well for herself individually, as also the representative of her kingdom."—*Volks Zeitung*.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—A parish in the Canton of Thurgovia (Switzerland) has just given a noble example of tolerance and union between the two confessions. The occasion was the installation of a new Protestant pastor at Frauenfeld, where the two creeds count about an equal number of believers. The reception was accompanied by a certain degree of pomp. Young Catholic girls assisted Protestant girls in preparing crowns; Catholic clergy went out to meet the new preacher; a choir of men composed of Catholics and Protestants, conducted by a cure, chanted hymns of thanksgiving, and the fête terminated with a grand banquet, at which all the principal citizens of the locality were present.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

THE "Constitutionnel" gives the following semi-official account of the result of the Paris Conference relative to the Danubian Principalities:—

"The fundamental principle of the union, as understood by France, has not prevailed. This is a result which might easily have been foreseen, as the views of the majority of the signing Powers were well known. But the government of the Emperor has not obtained what it desired, and that it still maintains to be the best basis for the new state of things, that is to say, a complete union, it nevertheless appears that what has been done is a step towards that union, and even that the new organisation sanctioned and realised it in many respects."

"The two Principalities will receive perfectly identical political institutions, and this identity prevails throughout. Thus, equality before the law, taxation, personal liberty, property, privileges of caste, admission to public employment, are identical in both Principalities."

"A sort of Council of State, permanent and common to both Principalities, is invested with considerable powers, especially a veto on the modification of laws. This council will be nominated by the Hospodars and Assemblies of the two Principalities."

"A high court of justice and appeal, the members of which will be appointed for life, will be instituted in common for both Principalities."

"As regards the elective assemblies, each Principality will have its own, elected, not by universal suffrage, but according to a fixed census. These assemblies will have an important part in the mechanism of the Government. For instance, they will elect the Hospodars, hitherto appointed by the Porte. They will be selected by the Assembly of each Principality, bound under certain conditions of candidature determined by the Convention. The Sublime Porte will simply perform the act of investiture of the Hospodars."

"No act of the Hospodar will be valid unless countersigned by a Minister."

"The responsibility of the Ministers towards the Legislative Chambers is clearly and severely defined, and these Chambers will possess a strong control."

TROUBLES IN NEW ZEALAND.

The following extract from a letter written by Dr. Neild, of New Plymouth, will be found interesting:—

"About ten miles from New Plymouth, New Zealand, a deadly strife is going on between two men and their followers. Wiremu Kiri, a native, opposed to Europeans, and who once openly, before hundreds of natives, called the much-loved Sir George Grey 'a lying Governor'; this chief, with 500 men, is besieging Ihia, always a friend to Europeans, with 120 men. Ihia cannot hold out in his fortress above a week, and then comes an awful massacre, for Kiri's mob, as they will kill every man, woman, and child in Ihia's camp; and Kiri has sent a letter to the commander of our garrison of 250 troops, to say that when he has done with Ihia he will, in spite of a recent proclamation of the governor, escort through the town some of his allies from Omata, and, if mistreated, he will 'open a butcher's shop for selling the pakah's flesh.' This fellow is a church member, as all our worst rebels have been—Heke Kaperahia, and Rangiwhaka, of the Wairarapa massacre, &c. But he forgets one point. He may come into the town, but he would never leave it alive. He is so intensely hated that nearly all the settlers would run any risk to shoot him. You have no conception of the desperate irritation of mind towards this big savage and his mob in the breasts of our people. And if the Maories provoke a collision, my own belief is that they will be nearly exterminated, and that nothing in North America will be worse than the doings here. For nearly twenty years the Government has pursued a temporising course. The Maories believe forbearance to have meant weakness, and the settlers have felt their interests sacrificed to savage caprice. They have been driven from lands bought and paid for, and cooped up within a territory of only six miles radius, whilst beyond this to the north lies a glorious country for fifty miles, not forest, but fern land, yet well watered and timbered, of which the natives do not and cannot cultivate one acre in one thousand; and yet from this land they have driven us and keep us. Our little settlement contains, or did, 2,500 people. On 125 miles of coast in one province there are 1,700 natives. I cannot wonder that the temper of New Plymouth, after so long a time of patient waiting and the endurance of injustice untold, should be as it is. Most earnestly do I wish that the two races could be reconciled to a new order of things, and both sit down under English law and government. But our Maories despise us and our laws, and our soldiers to boot. Their civilisation is all fudge. They copy our dress and use ploughs, &c., because the one is convenient and the other brings them money; but they are savages still, none the less. I know the minds of two natives that brought on the present contest; the most ferocious was a quiet-seeming man who had lived ten years in town as a servant to one of our merchants. No sepoys could be more dangerous."

MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE COLONISTS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Miss Nightingale has sent the following reply to an address from the colonists of South Australia:—"Your words of affectionate sympathy, and the expression of feeling from the gentlemen colonists of South Australia, which you are so kind as to convey to us, have come home to the hearts of my fellow-workers and myself. We have read your memorial with grateful pleasure in having been thus remembered by you. If we have been permitted a little to labour in God's work, we may not call your kind words our reward, because our Father's work needs no reward. And to soothe our sufferings as we saw bravely borne was a solace which could only make us grateful to be so employed. But this we will say—your words shall cheer us on while life lasts in doing such work as may be yet permitted to us. Since the defence of our trenches before Sebastopol by our countrymen, you have heard of the defence, as heroic and as suffering, of Lucknow. The first I saw, of the second we have every particular. There is nothing in Homer more heroic than these deeds. Well may we be proud of our race! The country you live in, gentlemen, is indeed part of our well-beloved country and home. England is one, wherever her people dwell. That your hearts were with us in our struggle, and will be with us always, we know with a gratitude which will not pass away. We can do no more for those who have suffered and died in their country's service. They need our help no longer. Their spirits are with God who gave them. It remains for us to strive that their sufferings may not have been endured in vain, to endeavour so to learn from experience as to lessen such sufferings in future by forethought and wise management. God bless you all! we say with all our hearts; and that progress and happiness in all that is good and true may await the colonists of South Australia, is the fervent prayer of their obliged and grateful servant, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

A BANDIT'S DEATH.—The famous Andalusian bandit, Muselina, of whose exploits every traveller in the south of Spain has heard, has just terminated his career in a very characteristic manner. During the last month, the police and soldiers have been upon his trail; but he succeeded in eluding them and committing fresh crimes. He was traced to Estepa, and a detachment of gendarmes searched several houses in that village without success. The officer in command, after pretending to withdraw his troop, returned almost alone to search the bandit's house. On arriving at a low windowless room on the ground floor, he went in alone. The door was immediately shut from within, and a pistol discharged at him; he fired in his turn, but without effect. A desperate fight then took place in the dark, the men striking at each other at random. The guards on side broke down the door very opportunely, the officer having already been wounded. The bandit then sprang upon one of the guards with his dagger, and severely wounded him; after which he himself was killed. He had been long the terror of the province of Cordova.

A MAZZINIAN CIRCULAR.—A circular has been addressed by Mazzini to what he calls the "Swiss branch of the party of action." In it he says:—"There are only two camps in Europe—that of the men of liberty and association, and that of the men of despotism. All the rest is, for the present, of secondary importance only. Between the two camps, the question is one of war. Now, war is not carried on by single combats along the whole extent of the line, but it necessitates a concentration of all the forces on a given point, in order to conquer there. We do not want émeutes; we want a revolution. We do not want ten contests, we want one battle. For this battle the battle-field is to be chosen. This battle-field, as far as the social question is concerned, which sooner or later must be solved, is France; as far as regards the question of nationality, it is evidently Italy. To Italy belongs the initiative of national insurrection. The rising of Italy attacks directly the Austrian empire. She will inevitably draw Germany and Hungary after her, and through the intermediate influence of these two nations, Poland, Greece, having no longer to fear the combined action of European Governments, will follow the impulse, and the Greek movement is the solution of the Oriental question in the sense of the nations, which now exist but in germ in the East. Italy is ripe; this can no longer be doubted. We are to-day the only people which protests. With us the party is more and better organised than anywhere else. It is we who occupy foremost the attention of the Government. Our intentions are no matter of doubt. We have given pledges enough to be believed, when we say that we will act. It is the duty and interest of all to take care that our action triumphs. For this we want means. We are engaged at this moment in collecting them. Our brethren of other nations ought to assist us in this. In subscribing to our insurrectional fund they will subscribe to the success of the battle for all. Make these considerations appreciated by every Swiss, Hungarian, and French patriot whom you may meet."

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

By telegraph, we learn that the Begum of Oude, Mucmoon Khan, her favourite, the Begum's young son, now proclaimed King of Oude, under the title of Ikbal Shah, and a rather formidable force, had assembled at Bander. A new Moultie had been elected, and, at the head of a small force, was in the neighbourhood of Powayne. To the south of Lucknow, Beni Madho Singh was established on the flank of the Cawnpore road, and Maun Singh, in his fort of Shahgunze, near Fyzabad, was besieged by Mahomed Hossein. A series of defensive positions, commanded by a chain of posts, were in course of erection at Lucknow.

It is stated that the Gwalior fugitives carry with them Scindia's crown jewels.

NAPIER'S ACTION.

Some interesting particulars of Napier's action at Joura Alipore with the rear column of the Gwalior fugitives have come to hand. The enemy had 6,000 men and 25 guns. He was assailed by Napier with 600 men and 6 guns, four only of which came into action. Napier formed on their flank and charged. The four guns under Captain Lightfoot had only time to fire two rounds before the enemy wavered. Seeing this, Lightfoot charged them with his guns at racing speed, outstripping the handful of supporting cavalry, and opened fire on the fugitives, who fled in all directions. This brilliant feat was performed by Bombay Horse Artillerymen.

OUR FRIENDS THE NEPAULESE.

The most curious arrival by the last mail is a correspondence between the Oude rebel chiefs and Jung Bahadoor. It appears that in the middle of May, the Begum and the Viceroy of Oude applied for assistance to Nepal. They therefore sent an ambassador to Toolseepoor, one Mahomed Suffraz Alee, with seven Persian letters to the Nepaul authorities, including two to Jung Bahadoor. In these letters the Nepaulese is reminded of the old friendship that subsisted between the two countries, reproached for assisting the British, who are bent on destroying the religion of the Hindoos and Mahometans, informed of British treachery, and asked to join the rebels in the cause of religion. "It is proper for, and binding on, all chiefs to enter into agreement to kill and get rid of these infidels." To these overtures Jung Bahadoor replied, directing his letter to the so-called King of Oude, but not recognising the kindly title.

Your letter of the 7th Jeth Soole (Wednesday, corresponding to the 19th of May, 1858), to the address of his Highness the Maharajah of Nepal, and of 13th Jeth Vudoe of the present year (Tuesday, corresponding to the 11th of May, 1858), to my address, have reached their respective destinations, and their contents are fully understood. In it is written that the British are bent on the destruction of the society, religion, and faith of both Hindoos and Mahometans.

"Be it known that for upwards of a century the British have reigned in Hindostan, but up to the present moment neither the Hindoos nor the Mahometans have ever complained that their religion has been interfered with."

"As the Hindoos and Mahometans have been guilty of ingratitude and perfidy, neither the Nepaul Government nor I can side with them."

"Since the star of faith and integrity, sincerity in words as well as in acts, and the wisdom and comprehension of the British, are shining as bright as the sun in every quarter of the globe, be assured that my Government will never dis-unite itself from the friendship of the exalted British Government, or be instigated to join with any monarch against it, be he as high as heaven. What grounds can we have for connecting ourselves with the Hindoos and Mahometans of Hindostan?"

"Be it also known, that had I in any way been inclined to cultivate the friendship and intimacy of the Hindoo and Mahometan tribes, should I have massacred 5,000 or 6,000 of them in my way to Lucknow?"

"Now, as you have sent me a friendly letter, let me persuade you that, if any person, Hindoo or Mahometan, who has not murdered a British lady or child, goes immediately to Mr. Montgomery, the Chief Commissioner of Lucknow, and surrenders his arms and makes submission, he will be permitted to retain his honour, and his crimes will be pardoned."

"If you still be inclined to make war on the British, no rajah or king in the world will give you an asylum, and death will be the end of it."

"I have written whatever has come into my plain mind, and it will be proper and better for you to act in accordance with what I have said."

A VISIT TO THE KING OF DELHI.

Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the "Times," thus describes a visit to the ex-King of Delhi, whose conduct he extenuates, and expresses an opinion that he has been hardly dealt with:—

"In a dingy, dark passage leading from the open court or terrace in which we stood to a darker room beyond, there sat, crouched on his hunches, a diminutive, attenuated old man, dressed in an ordinary and rather dirty muslin tunic, his small lean feet bare, his head covered by a small thin cambric skull-cap. The moment of our visit was not propitious, certainly it was not calculated to invest the descendant of Timour the Tartar with any factitious interest, or to throw a halo of romance around the infirm creature who was the symbol of the extinguished empire. In fact, the ex-King was sick; with bent body he seemed nearly prostrate over a brass basin, into which he was retching violently. So, for the time, we turned our backs on the doorway, and looked around the small court, which was not more than thirty feet square. In one corner, stretched on a charpoy, lay a young man of slight figure and small stature, who sat up at the sound of our voices, and salaamed respectfully. He was dressed in fine white muslin, and had a gay yellow and blue silk sash round his waist; his head was bare, exhibiting the curious tonsure from the forehead to the top of the head usual among many classes in the East; his face, oval and well-shaped, was disfigured by a very coarse mouth and skin; but his eyes were quick and bright, if not very pleasant in expression. By the side of his charpoy stood four white tuniced and turbaned attendants, with folded arms, watching every motion of the young gentleman with obsequious anxiety. One of them said, 'He is sick,' and the Commissioner gave directions that he should lie down again; and so, with another salaam, Jumma Bukht—for it was that scion of the house of Delhi in whose presence we stood—threw himself on his back with a sigh, and, turning his head towards us, drew up the chudder, or sheet of his bed, to his face, as if to relieve himself from our presence. At the head of his bed there was a heavy-looking, thick-set lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who was, we were told, the latest born of the house—by no means a sweet young prince, and whose claim to the blood royal the Commissioner considered more or less than doubtful.

"The qualms of the King at last abated, and we went into the passage; not but that we might have gone in before at any time, for all he cared. He was still gasping for breath, and replied by a wave of the hand and a monosyllable to the Commissioner. That dim-wandering-eyed, dreamy old man with feeble hanging nether-lip and toothless gums, was he indeed one who had conceived that vast plan of restoring a great empire, who had fomented the most gigantic mutiny in the history of the world, and who from the walls of his ancient palace had hurled defiance and shot ridicule upon the race that held every throne in India in the hollow of their palms? He broke silence. Alas! it was to inform us that he had been very sick, and that he had retched so violently that he had filled twelve basins. This statement, which was, it must be admitted, distressingly matter of fact and unromantic, could not, I think, have been strictly true, and probably was in the matter of numeration tintured by the spirit of Oriental exaggeration aided by the poetic imagination of his Majesty. He is a poet—rather erotic and warm in his choice of subject and treatment, but nevertheless, or may be, therefore, the esteemed author of no less than four stout volumes of meritorious verses, and is not yet satiated with the muse, for a day or two ago he composed some neat lines on the wall of his prison by the aid of a burnt stick. Who could look on him without pity? The passage in which he sat contained nothing that I could see but a charpoy, such as those used by the poorest Indians. The old man cowered on the floor on his crossed legs, with his back against a mat, which was suspended from doorway to doorway, so as to form a passage about twelve feet wide by twenty-four in length. Inside the mat we heard whispering, and some curious eyes glinting through the mat at the strangers, informed us that the King was not quite alone. I tried in vain to let my imagination find out Timour in him. Had it been assisted by diamond, and cloth of gold, and officer of state, music and cannon, the herald and glittering cavalcade and embroidered elephantry,

perhaps I might have succeeded; but, as it was, I found—I say it with regret, but with honesty and truth—I found only Holywell Street. The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows, but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites-like skull; in the eyes were only visible the weakness of extreme old age—the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems about to guide to the great darkness; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-tongued, nerveless, quivering, and gaping mouth, filled with a flaccid lip; but from chin and upper lip there streamed a venerable long, wavy, intermingling moustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. Recalling youth to that decrepit frame, restoring its freshness to that sunken cheek, one might see the King glowing with all the beauty of the warrior David; but as he sat before us, I was only reminded of the poorest form of the Israelitish type as exhibited in decay and penurious greed in its poorest haunts among us. His hands and feet were delicate and fine, his garments scanty and foul. He seemed but little inclined for conversation, and when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women, he made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence, 'I know nothing to say to it.' His grandchild, an infant a few months old, was presented to us, and some one or two women of the Zenana showed themselves at the end of the passage while the Commissioner was engaged in conversation with one of the begums, the latest, who remained inside her curtain, and did not let us see her face. Here was this begum, a lady of some thirty-five, very aggravating to the ex-Great Mogul, who was both in pain and anguish, and very anxious to get away from him. 'Why,' said she, 'the old (yes, I believe the correlative word in English is) fool goes on as if he was a king. He's no king now. I want to go away from him. He's a troublesome, nasty, cross old fellow, and I'm quite tired of him.' Bowstrings and sacks! was not this dreadful language? But the ex-Mogul is a philosopher; he merely asked one of his attendants for a piece of coffee-cake or chocolate, put a small piece in his mouth, mumbled it, smiled, and, pointing with his thumbs over his shoulder in the direction from which the shrill and angry accents of queenly wrath were coming, said, with all the shrug and *bonhomie* of a withered little French marquis of the old school, 'Mon Dieu!—I mean, 'Allah! listen to her!' And so we left him alone in his misery. He numbers upwards of 82 years, but they are said to be only of lunar months, and that his real age is 78. It is needless to say he will never, if sent, reach Caffraria alive."

In Mr. Layard's speech, delivered at the St. Martin's Hall in May, he said, "he saw the King of Delhi." He saw that broken-down old man, not in a room, but in a miserable hole of his palace, lying on a bedstead with nothing to cover him but a miserable tattered coverlet. As he beheld him, some remembrance of his former greatness seemed to arise in his mind. He rose with difficulty from his couch, showed him his arms, which were eaten into by disease and by flies, partly from want of water; and he said in a lamentable voice that he had not enough to eat." The "Officiating Civil Surgeon, Delhi," replies to this in a letter recently published. He says:—"For a man of his years, the ex-King of Delhi is particularly active and intelligent, and I have seldom seen so old a man in England with equal mental and bodily energy. He resides, not in a hole, but in (for a native) a large room, square, with windows looking inwards and outwards. The whole suite of buildings is elevated some twelve or fourteen feet, and on the ex-King's side overlooks a garden, in the centre of which reside the officers in charge of the prisoners. At the season of the year Mr. Layard visited Delhi, no covering further than a sheet is, as far as my experience goes, ever used by the natives of Central India; and the old man has no deficiency either of clothes, pillows, or cushions."

"There is no limit whatever to the individual's own desire to the amount of water used for bathing or other purposes. At one time the ex-King was suffering from a disease not uncommon in India, but rarely mentioned in polite English ears—the skin was abraded slightly in one or two small patches about the fingers, arms, &c., from scratching only. Although he has been months under my care, he has not once complained of deficiency of food, though, as has been his custom for thirty-five years, he usually vomits after every meal."

THE ISLE OF PERIM.

The following is the concluding letter of a lengthy correspondence on this subject, which has passed between Mr. J. Wilson, of the Cononley Foreign Affairs Committee and Lord Malmesbury:—

"Potsdam, August 18th, 1858.
 "Sir, I am directed by the Earl of Malmesbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th inst., and I am to inform you in reply that his Lordship has no knowledge of the Island of Perim being occupied by British troops, or of any correspondence with Turkey on the subject. If a lighthouse were built there, it would be, in Lord Malmesbury's opinion, for the advantage of all maritime nations.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
 "J. Wilson, Esq. "JOHN BIDEWELL."

A HOT WEATHER CAMPAIGN IN INDIA.—The following is an extract from a letter dated Banda, June 27, from an officer of a cavalry regiment attached to the division of General Whitlock, forming a part of the Central India Army:—"I wrote to R— the end of last month, and told him we expected to march, and so we did on June 2nd, but not towards Calpee, but to a place called Terroan, about fifty miles from hence, where the Rajah had collected a very large body of men and refused to disband them. The first day we were in tents we had six men brought to hospital inside from the heat, and one of them died that evening; he was a fine strong man, quite well in the morning and in my troop. So, as we marched at twelve o'clock that night, I buried him at eleven o'clock in a hastily dug grave under a tree; the others, with men of the other regiments to the number of twenty-seven, were sent back to Banda that night, and this is the way Englishmen are being worn all about the country, for there is scarcely a camp-ground of any column or regiment at this season that is not marked by mounds of earth under detached trees. The 43rd have lost more than 40 men and three officers since they left Bangalore without hearing a shot fired, but the horses, prince, the lance flag waves and the steel sparks in the sun, and the bands play as cheerfully as ever, as the regiments file on their ground in the morning, though they are all getting considerably smaller than they were. I wonder the infantry get on at all, but number of them fall out, and a long string of doolies follows the column, headed by exhausted men. We had no fight after all; when we got near, the rebels all bolted, leaving a very large treasure and more than thirty guns. The Rajah came in and gave himself up, and will be tried for his life. We found his palace containing 320,000 rupees and £80,000 in gold. His vaults and saw bags containing 320,000 rupees and £80,000 in gold. His jewels are estimated at £200,000. We halted several days there, and came back slowly with 130 carts laden with treasure, and, as they are sure to condemn the owner, it will be a good haul for the Government. Fancy our joy when, yesterday, a thunderstorm was followed by heavy rain. The ground is moist this morning, and the blasting, hot winds are, we hope, gone for this year. Our tents are open again, which is a great comfort, as a nearly dark tent, which you cannot see out of, heated to 100, is not a pleasant place from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and outside the air has been so hot, that we put our handkerchiefs to our faces and run if we want to go from tent to tent."

THE PERILS OF THE DEEP.—A Spanish steamer, trading between Santander and Bilbao, was lately proceeding to the latter place, with seventy-five passengers, when she ran on a rock, and soon went down. A number of persons got into a boat, to which there was a rush; it was capsized, and about eleven or twelve of the persons were drowned. The rest of the passengers landed in another boat. One of the persons rescued was found clinging to the screw of the steamer.

A LONG SHOT.—Wonderful stories of fashionable life—some romantic, some scandalous, and all absurd—appear week by week in the "Court Journal" and its rivals. Here is a specimen from the "Court Journal":—"In bidding farewell to the officers, before leaving the Bretagne, the Empress requested that every gentleman should come, each in his turn, and inscribe his name in her private album. When thinking the commander, who expressed his regret that they should not probably soon have again distinguished honour of her presence on board the Bretagne, the Empress distinguished honour of her presence on board the Bretagne, the Empress answered, 'Who knows? Perhaps you will see me again sooner than you expect, perhaps next year; but hush!' she added, gracefully placing her finger to her mouth, and turning with pretended alarm her head towards the door of the Emperor's cabin, 'but hush! if I am heard, I shall be ordered under arrest.'"

CONCLUSION OF A TREATY WITH CHINA.

The following is a translation of a despatch which appears in the "Moniteur" respecting the conclusion of a treaty with China:—

"St. Petersburg, Aug. 20.

"The FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

"A courier who left Tien-sin on the 27th of June, overland, has brought the news to Prince Gortschakoff that a treaty has been concluded between China and Russia identical in its general bases with those concluded between China and the other Powers. The ports are open, the free exercise of the Christian religion allowed, the establishment of consuls admitted, as also the sending of diplomatic agents to Peking, if necessary.

"France and England have, moreover, obtained a considerable pecuniary indemnity.

"DUKE OF MONTEBELLO,

"(French Ambassador at St. Petersburg.)"

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF MALAKHOFF.—The Duke of Malakhoff, we hear, is about to espouse "the Schorita Sophia Panlova, daughter of the Marquis of Paniera. The Schorita is a lovely woman of about 25 years, surpassingly graceful in her carriage, the very type of an Andalusian gentleman. She is a near relation to the Empress of the French."

GO-AHEAD EXPERIMENTS.—A letter in the "New York Tribune" says:—"The form of sentencing criminals to death in this State will have to be changed. Instead of condemning them to be hanged by the neck until they are dead, the language will be, 'to be cut up by doctors until you are dead.' The change will be perfectly safe, for the doctors may be implicitly trusted not to let any criminal escape after he is once placed in their hands." The writer proceeds to remark upon the "post-mortem appearances" in the body of a criminal named Magee. Some scientific doctors commenced their observations within seven minutes of the man being hanged; they were continued with great minuteness, and the autopsy was begun within the hour from the time of the execution, while the man's heart was still beating eighty times a minute.

A MOUNTAIN OF IRON.—An American describes an "Iron Mountain," as it is called, near St. Louis, in rather high-down terms:—"If St. Louis has a destiny of high rank from her relation to Pilot Knob, what must be said when the vast wealth of the Iron Mountain is found six miles nearer to your wonderful city? I stand upon the summit and look down upon this shower of iron hail below, seeing its eyes or eyes lying closely packed upon the hill side, from base to pinnacle, and I am utterly lost for thought expansive enough to compass the world-wide influences which Iron Mountain will yet exercise upon the destinies of this wonderful state. When I follow the miner in his partial penetration into this iron mass, and find that it grows more rich and solid as he searches further down, my head grows dizzy with the thought of what St. Louis must be, as the great point when this mountain shall be melted and forged into the mole-hills of usefulness, under the direction of heaven-born genius. All this, and more than language can pourtray, is within three hours' ride of St. Louis, and can be taken there in its crude state for less than one dollar per ton freight, and could probably be purchased on a large scale at half as much more at the mountain. It costs next to nothing to get it on board the cars, which run alongside the base of Iron Mountain, where immense masses are thrown out by a single charge of powder. 10,000 cars might be loaded there per day, and St. Louis might this moment be the rolling-mill for the world."

THE ROAD TO UTAH.—A correspondent of the "Times" says:—"You may have seen in the 'New York Times' already named the startling history of 2,500 emigrants who sailed from Liverpool in 1854, if I remember aright—and who started from the Missouri River on the 1st of September of that year in a hand-cart train, for Salt Lake. You perhaps doubt the declaration that less than 300 of that devoted band ever reached the valley, the remainder having perished by the way. The statement in the 'New York Times' estimated the number of survivors at about 240. If you have not already copied it, I commend it to your attention, for its general accuracy may be relied upon, as I have ascertained from several authorities here. Mrs. Sutherland started from the Missouri only three or four days behind the hand-carts, which her party frequently overhauled at their camping-places, subsequently falling behind again. She felt that the mortality was so great from starvation, exposure, and cold, that pits were dug in which from a dozen to twenty corpses found a common grave. So used did the party become to these ghastly scenes, and so callous from familiarity with death, that it was no uncommon scene to witness the survivors sitting upon the bodies of the dead just prepared for burial, and in this attitude eating their hastily prepared and scanty meal. Towards the last the graves were scarcely covered, and the wolves exhumed their tenants soon after, scattering the skeleton remains of their horrid feasts upon the wayside. Mr. Sutherland was one of a party who came out from Salt Lake to escort the emigrants through the mountains, and his testimony is that about 300 starved, emaciated, ragged, and frost-bitten persons entered the valley with them, although from 2,300 to 2,500 started upon this journey of horrors."

THE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.—Utah is thus described by a correspondent of the "New York Herald":—"Imagine a perfectly level plain, apparently twenty miles wide and a hundred miles long, almost surrounded by mountains. Near to the mountains, on the east of the plain, conceive a section of land six miles square laid out as a city, the streets—all of which are much wider than Broadway—regularly laid out, and running exactly at right angles to each other, either due north and south or due east and west. They are 130 feet wide; the side walks are 20 feet wide; the blocks are very large, often containing 10 acres of land. The city has 15 streets in one direction, and 18 in the other. They are unpaved, and if much trampled during wet weather must be very muddy. The site of the city gradually slopes from the north to the south. At the present time, there is a fresh stream of water running down the sides of every street lying north and south; water from these streams is conveyed into almost every garden in the city for irrigating purposes. Cotton, wood, and other trees, have been set out along every street; their bright green verdure and shade give a peculiar charm to the smooth and regular thoroughfares. Small foot-bridges have been built over the streams where they intersect the sidewalks. The town is very sparsely covered with houses; in the major part of it there are only two or three little habitations on a square block, and it will be remembered that the blocks are very large. The houses are built close to the sides of the blocks, the rest of the ten acres being tilled as gardens and fields. Thus the city at present contains numerous small fields of wheat and some very fine gardens. The houses are all built of adobe sun-dried brick; they are about five inches wide, ten inches long, and four inches thick; they are made of a superior quality of clay for building purposes, and seem to form very substantial structures. The colour of the buildings is a sort of slate white, and, though with an individual house it is not very agreeable, yet it gives to the tout ensemble of the city a very lively and pleasant appearance. The buildings look neat and comfortable; they are generally small modest structures, laying no claim to architectural beauty; their style is variegated, but not remarkably so. Probably no other city in the world of this size presents to the eye of the approaching voyager so magnificent a prospect: the exact space it occupies, the streets set as it were in the sunlight, their breadth and regularity, the rows of young verdant trees that border upon them, the lively colour of the houses, the beautiful gardens and orchards, with the small fields, thick covered with flowing wheat, give to it an aspect singularly attractive, especially when it is contrasted with the bordering bleak and barren mountains. This city, so beautiful, so isolated from the rest of the world, at present so full of interest to the world, with its pleasant orchards and gardens, is the work of but ten years, and that, too, in a barren valley, without spontaneous vegetation higher than a willow bush. There were about 15,000 inhabitants in this city before it was depopulated by order of Brigham."

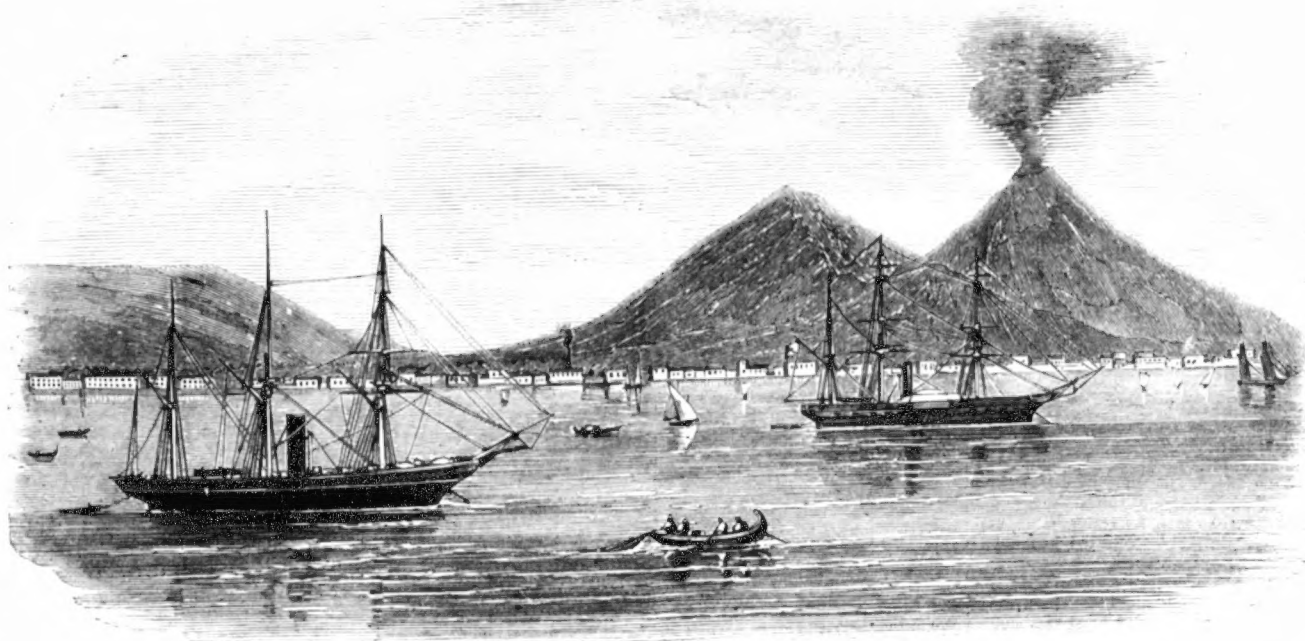
VESUVIUS DURING THE ERUPTION.

MATTERS of more immediate interest have hitherto kept out of our paper the series of illustrations on the following page. However, it is never too late for authentic sketches of this character, and we present them to our readers with a descriptive letter from a naval officer, to whom we are indebted for the drawings.

"On the 25th of May, we had the first symptoms of an eruption. They increased greatly during the first twenty-four hours, disgorging large quantities of lava from the small cone above the Altrio del Cavallo. (which formed the crater of 1855), into the Fosso Vetrano. A second torrent burst out simultaneously with the above at the foot of the grand cone, on the south-west. These two streams continued their onward course at a varied pace, and on the night of the 31st the grandeur of the scene was at its height. Leaving Naples at four p.m., our little party arrived at the foot of the tortuous ascent to the Hermitage, before dusk, and, leaving the vehicle on the road, we crossed about 200 yards of rough old lava, and approached close to the fiery matter, at the limits of the stream in the Fosso Grande, which was then quite fifty palms in breadth, and at least eighteen in depth. Huge volcanic masses rolled over and over, grating dismally as they went, evidently forced in advance by an under-current of actual molten lava, which, furthest from the air, and with least encouragement to cool, retained its fluid condition, in its onward transition

Darkness here overtook us; and, returning to the carriages, we drove on to the Hermitage, leaving behind us what had now become a long brilliant line of fire-light, fully a mile and a half in length.

"At the Hermitage, we encountered a pretty scene of turmoil! Here the carriage road ceased, and we were immediately surrounded by a swarm of *soi-disant* guides, ciceroni, and torch-bearers, all in as great a state of ferment as such an *omnium gatherum* could be. The civic constabulary and a multitude of *gens d'armes* were posted about the place, but to preserve order here or elsewhere did certainly not strike me at any time as being a part of their duty. From the Hermitage to the base of the Grand Cone, we proceeded on foot; and from this latter vicinity the



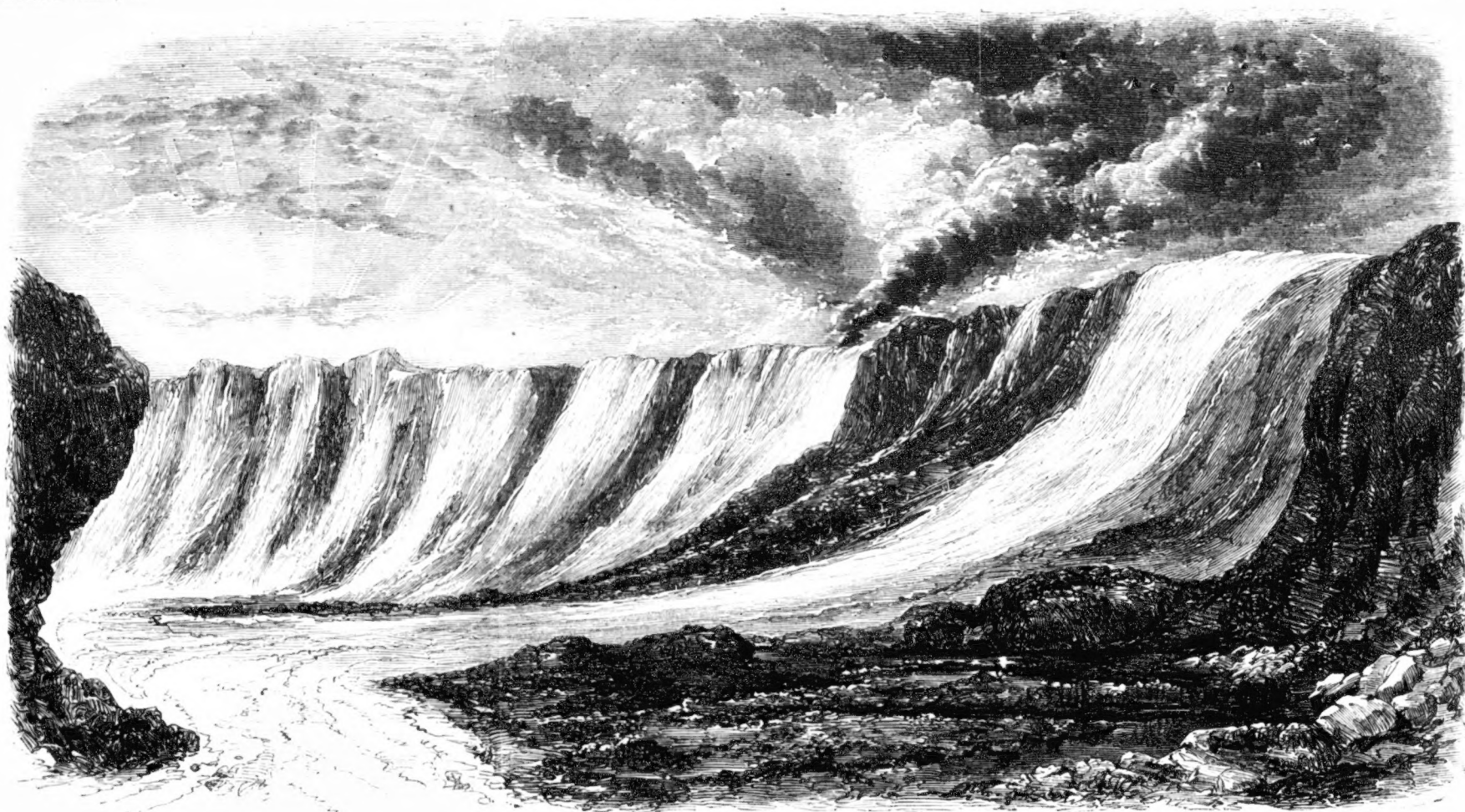
THE CAGLIARI.

H.M.S. CENTAUR.

VESUVIUS AND THE BAY OF NAPLES.

excursionists, studded the rearward arena, dancing like perturbed spirits, and aiding in making the invisible darkness still more invisible, adding, at the same time, a kind of silent animation to the scene. I observed a curious phenomenon at this time. Expansive radii were reflected against the sky, a very reproduction of the resplendent northern lights, and reaching across the entire extent of the upper ridge of the Altrio del Cavallo. I have attempted a representation of it in my sketch. It was during this night that Caposecchi was temporarily threatened, owing to a sudden burst of lava over one side of the crater, that had fallen in.

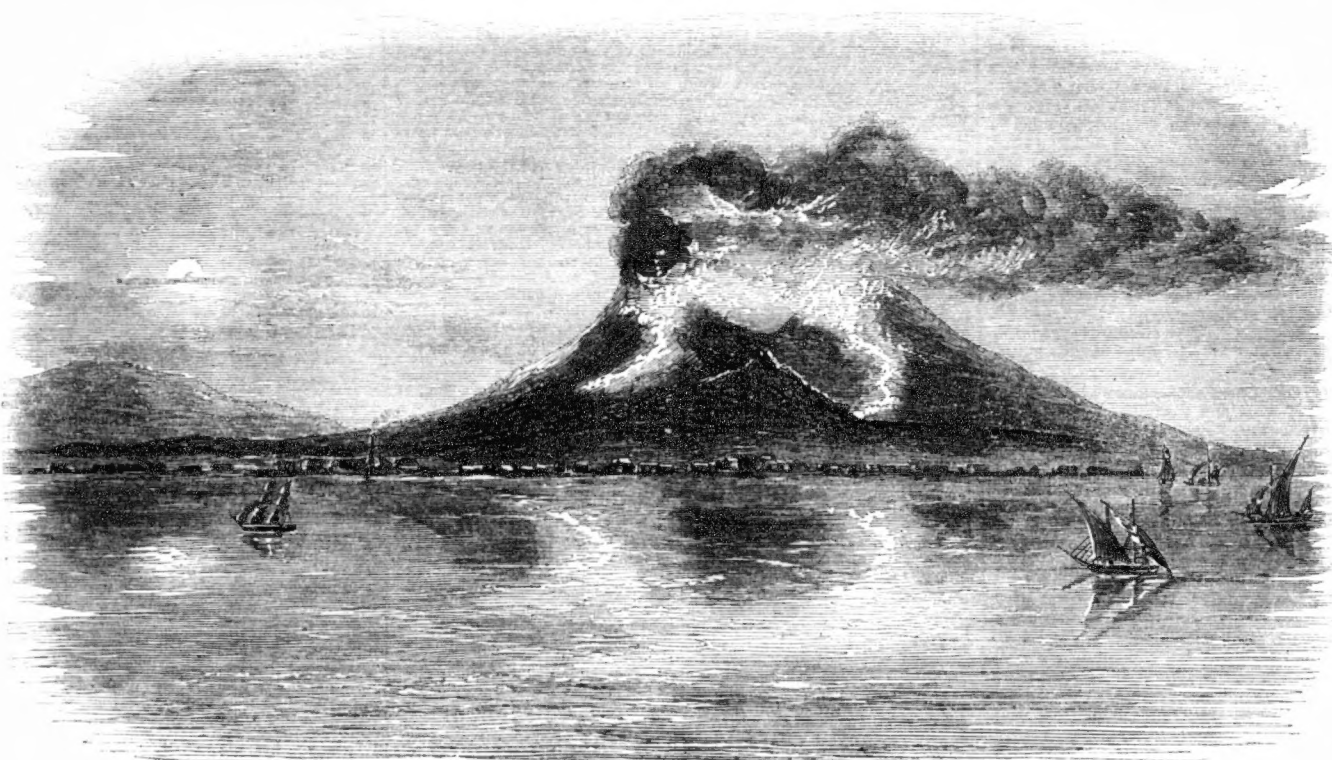
"It is calculated that from 6,000 to 7,000 persons visited the mountain for several successive nights about this date. On the 2nd



EDGE OF THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS ABOVE THE ALTIRIO DEL CAVALLO.

extensive *jeu de feu* struck one with amazement. To the right was observed the source of the southern stream already alluded to. A small cone had formed, circled by numerous *fumarole*, emitting smoke of varied colours. To the front, on the left, a vast blazing flood swept past, rushing, torrent-like, into the Fosso Vetrano, without meeting the slightest impediment to mar the smoothness of its brilliant surface. From the bottom of the Fosso Vetrano, it spread, divided, into the Fosso Faraone. The glow, the sweltering heat, and the glare from the fire, were intense. We stepped up to the very brink of the seething range, and brought away as a *souvenir* a fragment bearing the impression of a medallion, struck to commemorate the event.

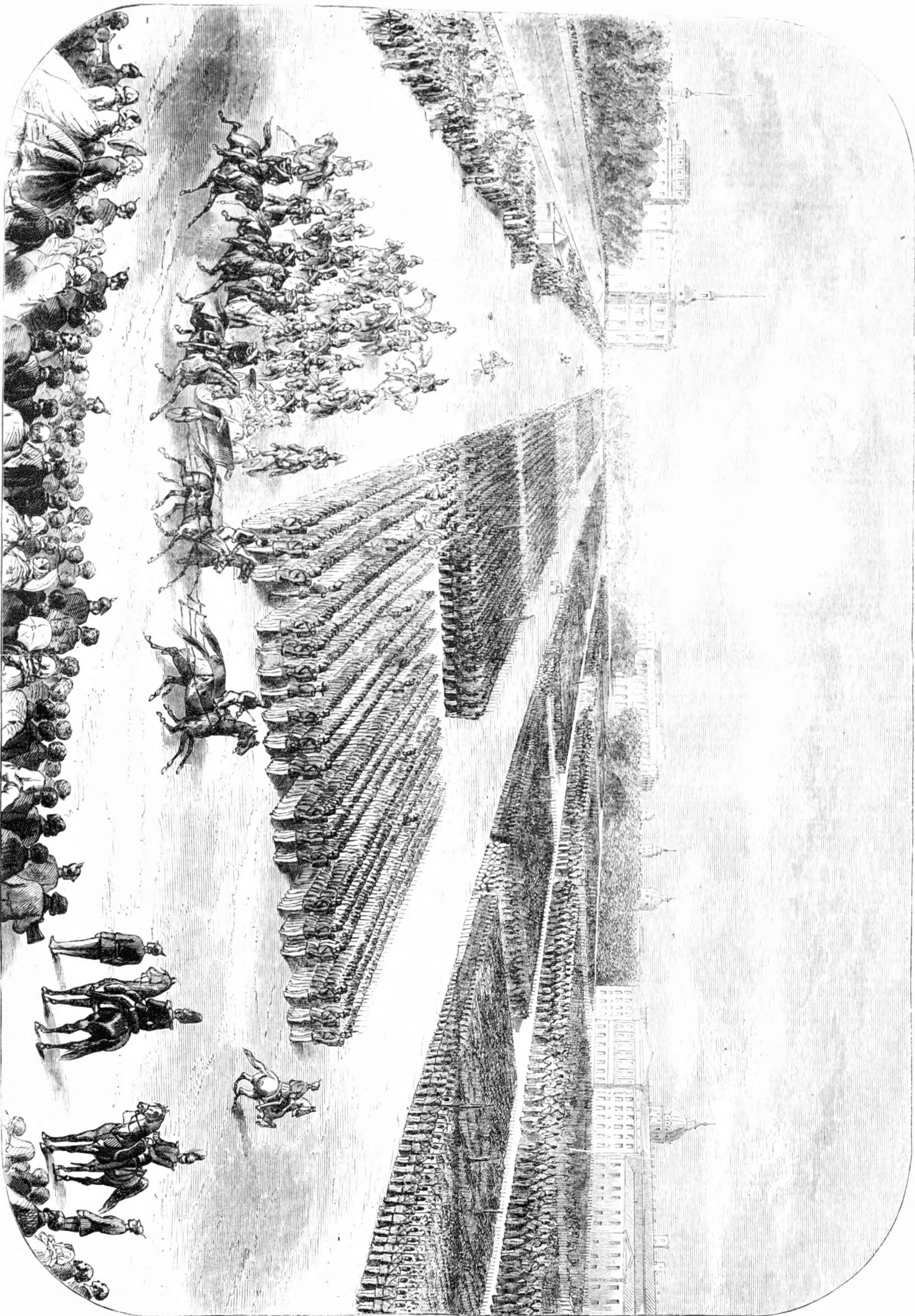
"The splendour of the prospect, as viewed in any direction, was striking in the extreme; and innumerable torches borne about by parties of



VESUVIUS, FROM NAPLES, DURING THE ERUPTION.—(FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER BELONGING TO H.M.S. CENTAUR.)

of June, the lava, now 200 palmi in breadth, crossed the carriage-road, about three miles from Resina; but means of access to the Hermitage were immediately established, for foot passengers only, across the steep acclivities through the grounds of the Brothers Auria. From the 8th instant up to the present time (June 26), the flow of lava has gradually decreased, the mountain is resuming its wonted appearance, and the majestic cone occasionally throws up the usual 'Bomba and Saette.' Many proprietors have experienced heavy losses.

"The effect at night of the fire suddenly igniting in its consuming progress the woods it overran, was beautiful. Processions were formed on several occasions at Resina, when images of the Virgin Mary and Saints were carried, and invoked to avert further destruction; but this was in the hands of Almighty God."



REVIEW BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA ON THE GRAND PIADE, ST. PETERSBURG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY F. BLANCHARD.)

REVIEW OF IMPERIAL TROOPS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

"I HAVE endeavoured," says the artist to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustration, writing from St. Petersburg, "to give you some idea of a grand review which took place at St. Petersburg some few days since; but to give an adequate notion of the grandeur of the display and of the countless multitude which had gathered to witness this assemblage of the troops of the Imperial Guard, it would require a canvas equal in size to that on which Vernet's celebrated picture of La Smala is painted."

The locality of the scene is thus described: Beyond the most aristocratic quarter of the city, there stretches a vast and perfectly level esplanade, towards the east. The Summer Garden fringes its extremity with a border of green foliage, and a canal runs on one side of its entire length. This canal, a tributary of the Neva, branching off at right angles, equally limits the square on the south. There, again, rises another wall of trees, above which peep here and there the white tops of several palaces. The west is bordered by private mansions, and a harrack of some architectural pretensions. To the north, the Marble Palace, the residence of the Grand Duke Constantine, and the hotel of the Prince d'Oldenburg, cousin to the Emperor, terminate a long series of beautiful buildings, between which we get glimpses of the broad, beautiful Neva.

The troops, in irreproachable tenue, were massed in close columns—two of infantry, three of cavalry: in all, 50,000 men, were present under arms, all facing towards the Summer Garden. A tent had been pitched for the Empress, who was to honour this military solemnity with her presence. At one o'clock, prolonged shouts gave notice of the Emperor's arrival, who, surrounded by a brilliant staff, entered the square. After having passed at a gallop along the five lines, amidst loud cheers of the soldiery, his Majesty returned to meet the Empress, who approached the field by the same entry as did the Emperor.

The weather was magnificent—one of those days which have earned for spring its reputation for balminess. On the previous day rain had fallen, but not in sufficient quantities to settle the dust, that scourge of St. Petersburg. An immense multitude had invaded every available spot, and were easily kept in order by a few police in gray uniforms and some mounted gendarmes.

The Empress, accompanied by three of the grand Duchesses, was seated in an open carriage, of marvellous lightness; she passed through the lines, received everywhere with clamorous enthusiasm by the soldiers, and the acclamations of the crowd.

The troops then defiled before their Imperial Majesties, the varied and picturesque costumes of the Caucasian tribes adding much to the splendour of the scene. At first they passed in slow time; then, massing themselves, repeated the movements in quick time. Then, again, the artillery and cavalry formed in battle order at the very extremity of the square, facing the Summer Garden, and opposite to the brilliant group surrounding the Emperor and Empress.

A shock like that of thunder terminated the review; at the word "Gallop!" this enormous mass of men and horses rushed forward like a wind: then came to a sudden pause some hundred paces in front of the Imperial group.

Altogether this review was one of the most successful that has ever been seen in St. Petersburg, or perhaps in Europe.

THE QUEEN IN GERMANY.

WE in England cannot but be gratified by the demonstrations of esteem which everywhere attend the Queen in her visit to Prussia. Court and people equally strive to do her honour; not only for the sake of the Princess Frederick-William, who now is one of themselves, but evidently for her own, and as the Queen of a great kindred people.

The visit furnishes little to record in the way of news.

On the 16th her Majesty visited Berlin to inspect the palace (now in course of completion), intended to be the home of the Prince and Princess Frederick-William. It promises to be not only handsome, we are told, but "comfortable." On the 17th, the Queen reviewed all the troops quartered in Potsdam. The Prince of Prussia commanded; Prince Frederick-William commanding the Brigade of Guards. Her Majesty afterwards visited the apartments once occupied by Frederick the Great, and his tomb in the Garrison Kirche. Two or three days after she paid a lengthy visit of inspection to Sans Souci. Her Majesty seemed to feel great interest in the room where the great Frederick died. Everything in the spacious chamber has remained untouched since his dying day. There is the enormous chair in which the King, unwilling to lie down in the presence of death, had placed himself when he found his last hour was drawing near. The stains of blood still remain where the King was bled for the last time; and there is that famous clock on the wall, which, wonderful to relate, stopped at the moment of his death, and never since that time has been allowed to point to any other hour. A great deal of curiosity was also exhibited among the English members of the Royal party as to the room once inhabited by Voltaire. The prevailing hues of the walls, &c., are green and yellow, the colours indicative of envy and malice. Frederick the Great, even at the time of his closest intimacy with the great French writer, could not shut his eyes to his moral failings, and often enjoyed this sort of practical jokes at his expense. Different forms of asses and other ugly creatures are exhibited on the wainscoting, and it is said that Voltaire, far from feeling insulted by such society, himself assisted in planning these strange embellishments.

On another day, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and Prince and Princess Frederick-William, gave a charming open-air entertainment to the Queen and Prince Consort, on the Peacocks' Island, Potsdam. As the evening advanced, boats bearing Chinese lanterns flitted to and fro on the water, and on the return of her Majesty to Babelsburg, the Castle, and also the Palace of Prince Charles, were brilliantly illuminated. The Queen and Prince Consort passed to and from the island in the King of Prussia's steam-yacht, the *Alexandria*. As for the rest, visits to the museum, &c., drives in the environs of Babelsburg, and the ordinary round of social enjoyments, employed the days of her Majesty and her illustrious entertainers.

The departure of the Queen and the Prince Consort from Babelsburg was fixed for the 28th (to-day). Thursday was the birthday of Prince Albert. Great festivities were to be held in Berlin in his honour. There was to be a gala representation at the Opera.

THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION IN GERMANY.—The "Independence of Brussels," though generally not very favourable to England, gives the following account of the reception of the Queen at Berlin, from its correspondent in that city:—"The visit of the Queen of England has, it cannot be denied, been greeted by the population of Berlin with an enthusiasm the like of which we have not witnessed for many years. When the late Czar used to come to the Prussian capital, a multitude, inspired by curiosity, collected to receive him and his brilliant suite, but it remained indifferent and silent. But what a difference did yesterday present! The news that Queen Victoria was at the palace of the Princess of Prussia spread like wildfire, and immediately a compact crowd filled the immense square of the university—raising acclamations and hurrahs. At length the Prince of Prussia, in spite of his repugnance for display on such occasions, was obliged to cede to a demonstration so enthusiastic, and to solicit the Queen to allow him the honour of leading her Majesty on to the balcony. The Queen, with the best grace in the world, consented to accept the ovation, which was addressed partly to the mother of a Princess who has quickly gained general affection, but above all to the sovereign of a kingdom which old traditions and new hopes render dear to the people."

THE VICTORIA CROSS.—The Queen has conferred the Victoria Cross on Lieutenant Tytler, for valour at the capture of some guns at Choorpoora; to Sergeant-Majors Rosamond and Gill, for gallantry at Benares; and Colour-Sergeant Gardner, whose exploits at Bareilly we chronicled a fortnight since, in an account of the capture of Bareilly. To quote the "Gazette," he "saved the life of Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, his commanding officer, who during the action at Bareilly had been knocked from his horse, when three fanatics rushed upon him. Colour-Sergeant Gardner ran out, and in a moment bayoneted two of them, and was in the act of attacking the third, when he was shot down by another soldier of the regiment."

TWO THOUSAND MORE TROOPS are to be sent to India in September.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE following are copies of the messages exchanged between her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and the President of the United States of America:—

"THE QUEEN TO THE PRESIDENT."

"The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest."

"The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable, which now connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the two nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interests and reciprocal esteem."

"The Queen has much pleasure in thus directly communicating with the President, and in renewing to him her best wishes for the prosperity of the United States."

"THE PRESIDENT TO THE QUEEN."

"The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of her Majesty the Queen on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the skill, science, and indomitable energy of the two countries."

"It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilisation, liberty, and law throughout the world."

"In this view, will not all the nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be for ever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to the places of their destination even in the midst of hostilities?"

The President's message, with addresses, numbered 143 words as transmitted, and occupied two hours in its passage through the cable, including several "repeats" and corrections.

Accompanied is a copy of a complimentary message from the directors of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, in reply to the inaugurating message transmitted to them from the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company:—

"New York, August 18.

"The directors of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, desire to express to the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company their joy and gratitude for the facilities and privileges of coming into closer union and fellowship with them and their fellow-men throughout the world. May the success that has crowned our labours secure to the nations of the earth a perpetual bond of peace and friendship."

There has also been an interchange of courtesies between the city dignitaries of New York and London. It was commenced by the receipt of the following message:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR WALTER CALDEN, LORD MAYOR, LONDON.

"I congratulate your Lordship on the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, uniting the continents of Europe and America; the cities of London and New York; Great Britain and the United States. It is a triumph of science and energy over time and space, uniting more closely the bonds of peace and commercial prosperity; introducing an era in the world's history, pregnant with results beyond the conception of a finite mind. To God be the praise."

"DANIEL G. TIEMAN, MAYOR."

The Lord Mayor, immediately upon receiving the message, sent the following reply:—

"TO THE HON. DANIEL G. TIEMAN, MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

"The Lord Mayor of London most cordially reciprocates the congratulations of the Mayor of New York upon the success of so important an undertaking as the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. It is indeed one of the most glorious triumphs of the age, and reflects the highest credit upon the energy, skill, and perseverance of all parties entrusted with so difficult a duty; and the Lord Mayor sincerely trusts that, by the blessing of Almighty God, it may be the means of cementing these kindly feelings which now exist between the two countries."

The news of the success of the great enterprise was received with great rejoicings throughout America. The first reports were held "too good to be true." In New York the state of feeling could not be described, even by the "Herald." At Washington the feeling shown amounted to "transport." At Albany people were "wild with excitement." At Boston there was "great rejoicing." At Worcester 100 guns were fired. At Rochester a "feeling of glorification" seized the citizens. Utica was illuminated. At Syracuse a band and a company of militia went about; "spirited" speeches were made, "and hearty cheers were given for the Atlantic cable, Queen Victoria, and Mr. Cyrus W. Field." More moderate and sober, but not less hearty, were the exhibitions of delight in the towns of British North America.

COLLISION BETWEEN THE EUROPA AND ARABIA.

(THE FIRST NEWS BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.)

THE Atlantic telegraph forwarded on Friday night its first piece of news. The directors received information that the Europa and Arabia had come into collision, that one had put into St. John's, and that no lives were lost. At five o'clock in the afternoon they asked from London for "further particulars" from Newfoundland, and at half-past seven received from that place this reply:—

"The Arabia in collision with the Europa off Cape Race on Saturday last. The Arabia on her way to New York slightly injured. The Europa lost her bowsprit and cutter, stern sprung. She will remain at St. John's, Newfoundland, ten days from the 16th. The Persia calls at St. John's for mails and passengers. No loss of life or limb."

It is explained that the delay—two hours and a half—arises from the comparative slowness with which signals can be forwarded along the single line. By and by the time will be shortened.

FATAL SHIPWRECK.—The American bark Mayflower sailed from New Orleans on the 9th of July last, with a cargo of staves for Nantes, and with a crew of eleven hands, a stewardess, the captain's wife, and three cabin and six stowage passengers. On the 3rd of August she was capsized in a gale of wind. The captain, his wife, four of the crew, and two cabin passengers, managed to get on to the vessel's bottom, where they clung for some time; but the sea ran so high that the captain's wife and the two passengers were washed off. The others held on for about half an hour, when the foremast, mainmast, and mizen-topmast broke away, and the vessel righted, but was full of water. Two passengers, two boys, the stewardess, her son, and six of the crew, were found drowned in her when she righted. The survivors themselves had little prospect of saving their lives, as the gale continued to blow with unabated violence, and they saw no chance of assistance. On the following day, however, the Cairn of New York fell in with them, and brought them into Cork harbour.

EMIGRATION.—In the 43 years, from 1815 to 1857 inclusive, there emigrated from the United Kingdom 4,683,194. Of these 2,830,687 went to the United States, 1,170,342 to British North America, 613,615 to Australia and New Zealand, and 88,550 to other places. Of the whole emigration more than one-half, viz., 2,444,802, emigrated in the eight years from 1847 to 1854 inclusive. In 1855 and 1856 the emigration fell to 176,807 and 176,554 respectively, principally in consequence of the demand for the army and navy, and the departments connected with them, during the Russian war, and in 1857 the numbers rose to 212,875.

THE ASCENDING SUM OF £60 was lately consumed in drink at a public-house in the vicinity of a line of railway now being constructed in Aberdeenshire.

MASTERS AND WORKMEN.—Mr. Trevenner, in his report on the state of the mining districts, just published, says:—"On reviewing the events during the past trying year throughout the whole of the coal and iron districts of England and Wales, it must, I think, be admitted that they indicate a greater prevalence of sound sense and judgment on the part of the workmen in dealing with the difficult question of wages, and, on the part of both masters and workmen, the growth of a better understanding and of more mutual confidence. Throughout that great and important portion of the South Wales mining district—that from Pontypool to Merthyr-Tydvil—where twenty years ago the relations between employers and employed were, as is well known, of the most unsatisfactory character, the conduct of the workmen has, during the last year, to use the words of a gentleman well conversant with them, been 'beyond all praise.' When he change in the state of trade made a large reduction of wages necessary, the workmen 'accepted a reduction of 20 per cent., accompanied by short work, without a murmur.' I think it is impossible not to see in this fact—the more striking because occurring in that particular district—the proof of the good effects of all that has been done by the employers during the last twenty years, with so much energy and liberality, for the benefit of their people, by removing causes of complaint, by providing better for their domestic comforts, by building at great cost churches and schools, and placing within reach of the whole population of these remote hills, the means of intellectual amusement and rational recreations."

IRELAND.

TENANT-RIGHT.—The Irish Tenant-Right League has re-appeared. Last week its members held a special conference at Dublin, when Mr. Francis McGuire and Mr. G. H. Moore took a conspicuous share in the proceedings.

DISAGREEABLE CHARGE.—An inquiry is now pending into the conduct of some officers of the South Downshire Militia, who, in a drunken frolic, are alleged to have brutally and indecently injured an old man, the waiter of an hotel where they were carousing. The old man crawled from his bed, where the injury was inflicted, to Belfast, and went into the hospital there. The hospital authorities have caused inquiry to be made. At present it is "private."

LORD EGLINTON AND TOLERATION.—Lord Eglington has been on a visit to Londonderry, apropos of the show of the Royal Agricultural Society there. He received an address of the Corporation, in reply to which he did not allude to the famous siege; but at the agricultural dinner this address was not forgotten. He turned it to good purpose, however, by delicately hinting that the Derry boys should show a little more moderation in the celebrations of their great triumph; abandon all emblems of party spirit, no longer required to keep in memory as a triumph over their own brethren, and all symbols of sanguinary strife which now live but in the pages of history.

AGRICULTURAL RIOTS.—Some recent attempts to carry the anti-septic campaign into the counties of Tipperary and Waterford have been unsuccessful. Through the activity of the local authorities the émeute at Carrick-on-Suir was promptly suppressed, and the cutting of the crops with scythes is proceeding without interruption. The ringleader of the riots, one Collins, is still at large, but a reward has been offered for his apprehension.

SCOTLAND.

CAPTURE OF 300 WHALES.—Last week was made memorable in the Orkney Islands, by the appearance of large shoals of whales. At Rotherholm, Stronsay, a large "school" made its appearance; the inhabitants of the district turned out, armed with all manner of lethal weapons, and the result of the day's exertions was the handsome capture of eighty whales, some of considerable size. They realised a high price. Next day, at the Sand of Bea, in the island of Sanday, hundreds of whales appeared, and were at once attacked by old and young, male and female. After a large body had been embayed and driven into shoal water by means of small boats an indiscriminate slaughter took place, amid the most admirable confusion, terminating in the death of no fewer than 220 whales.

A FATHER FIRED FOR BEATING HIS CHILDREN.—William McLean, a spirit-dealer of Rosebank, chastised his two young sons severely with a cane. The cries of the boys so alarmed the neighbours that they gave information to the police, and the result of their inquiries was that the father was charged with assault. A Dr. Webster stated that, in his opinion, the punishment to which the boys had been subjected was cruel, although it had inflicted no permanent injury. Other witnesses were examined, and it was held that the parent had gone beyond the bounds of moderation, and that the assault had been clearly proved. McLean was accordingly sentenced to pay a fine of 10s., or suffer fifteen days' imprisonment.

ENGLISH BANKRUPTS AND SCOTCH LAW.—A good illustration of the difference between Scotch and English law occurred at the Sheriff's Court, Dumfries, a few days ago. A Mr. George Harker, of Dingleton, a shareholder of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank, and a partner in several commercial enterprises in the county of Durham, found himself in difficulties in England, and went to Scotland to get rid of them. He went to Bowling, in Dumfriesshire, stayed there a few weeks, and then petitioned the Sheriff's Court. Here he was examined, when he stated that he had no business in Scotland, had no assets there, no creditors, but his sole object in coming to North Britain was to make himself amenable to the insolvent law of the country, and to pass his examination. One of his reasons for coming into Scotland was curious. Had he remained in England, "there would have been a great many more inquiries into his affairs." Another reason is not so dubious—the insolvency was managed more cheaply than at home. The anomaly of such a state of things is apparent.

THE PROVINCES.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A breach of promise case, which excited unusual interest in the West of England, came on for trial at Bristol, on Wednesday week. The plaintiff was a young lady, named Miles, of humble birth, but of great personal attractions; the defendant was Captain Magan, M.P. for Westmeath. The love correspondence was of such remarkable length that it had to be printed, and made a volume of considerable size. The curiosity of those who assembled to hear the case, however, was not gratified, for when it was called on, counsel informed the court that the record would be withdrawn, as an arrangement had been effected. The terms of settlement were, that the defendant should pay the plaintiff £2,000 and costs, and that all letters, &c., should be destroyed.

FOUND DEAD.—Louis Jager, a man of weak intellect, residing near Wakefield, lately disappeared. On Monday week a woman saw what she supposed to be a bundle of black clothes lying in a dry ditch. This was the dead body of Jager. The headless trunk was resting on the hands and knees, and the head was discovered in a hole about two yards below. An open razor was found near the remains. An inquest was held, when a verdict of "Found dead—probably by suicide," was returned.

EXTRAORDINARY WHEAT PRODUCE.—A son of Mr. William Menhinicks, of Trieraven, near Wadebridge, while visiting the Exhibition of 1851, noted an unusually fine sample of wheat, and requested the favour of a few grains. He took home about 100 grains, which he that year carefully dibbled in, in one square yard of ground. This produced in 1852, two gallons; this, in 1853, was again dibbled in, in about a quarter of an acre, and produced eighty gallons; this produced in 1854, fifty bushels. This ratio would give fifty acres (customary) in 1855, 500 ditto in 1856, 5,000 ditto in 1857, and 50,000 ditto in 1858, or more than the whole of the sowing of the county of Cornwall in one year. The quality of this wheat is superior to any ever grown in that neighbourhood. The first prize at the annual Farmers' Club has always been awarded to it, and it is now known as "The Exhibition Wheat."

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.—While a threshing machine was at work on a farm at Daybrook, near Nottingham, on Friday, the boiler suddenly exploded. Eleven men were employed at the machine. One was killed, and two others were shockingly wounded by the explosion. Four of the other workmen were also wounded.

ESCAPE OF A LUNATIC MURDERER.—Henry Bloomfield, who was tried at Chester for the murder of his wife, by killing her with a hatchet as she lay in bed, and acquitted on the ground of insanity, was being conveyed to London, when, just as the train was emerging from the tunnel at Watford, Bloomfield gave the turnkey such a terrific blow as to knock him senseless off his seat; the next moment the maniac disappeared through the window. He escaped without the least injury, and struck across the country to Earl Soham, where he has an uncle residing. He begged for food on his way, and at night slept in out-houses, under haystacks, or in open fields, entering Earl Soham, however, he was recognised and taken into custody. When asked why he tried to escape, he replied, "I didn't think of it till I got in the tunnel, and then the Lord assured me I should have no bones broken; so I got out. I was going to my uncle's to get my clothes changed, and then I was off to Canada." He is now in the Bataclan Hospital, London.

A MISER.—John Few, a genuine miser, died at Potterne, in Wiltshire, last week, after living for sixty years in a state of the most abject parsimony. For years past he was never known to buy any food except bread, and now and then a morsel of cheese. The latter he ate very sparingly, and would carry the same piece of cheese in his hand for weeks together. His clothes were in tatters. At length he was taken ill, crawled to the house of a distant relative, about a mile from his own cottage, and was put to bed. In an old cloth which he wore round his neck, fifty shillings were found. The vicar of the parish, who visited him, asked whether he had made a will? He replied that he had not, but he should get better, and then he would think about it. Pressed to do it at once, he at length agreed to do so at nine o'clock the following morning; but by the following morning he was insensible, and in the afternoon he was dead. The churchwarden and overseer of the parish thought it right to go to Few's house and take possession of any property which it might contain, until a legal owner could be found for them; but when these judicious officers entered the house, they were almost overpowered by stench. The lower room contained one miserable little table, and there was not a single kettle, saucepan, or other domestic utensil in the whole place. The bed-room was hideous; and it was only after burning a quantity of tobacco, imbibing brandy, and tying a silk handkerchief over his mouth and nostrils, that the churchwarden could enter the room. It contained a feather bed, a bedstead, no bedding; two old sacks and part of an old great coat were all that the old man appeared to have slept on. The only other piece of furniture in the room was a box, which contained what had once been a suit of good clothes, but they were so decayed with mildew, that upon being removed they fell to pieces. Some other old clothes were hanging about; and the deeds of two or three cottages were found in one pocket; a bankers' receipt for £185 in another; amongst them a note of hand for £200. Down stairs was found in a corner, buried beneath a heap of rubbish, an old shoe containing thirty sovereigns, and concealed in other parts of the house various small sums in sixpences, half-pence, and farthings. The search already proved the old man to have been worth upwards of £600.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.—"The other day," says the "Darlington Times," several lads were seen hovering about a corn and seed warehouse, where sample bags, containing meal, peas, and other matters, were set out for exhibition, the mouth of each sack open. One of the lads was observed to put his hand into a sack, and carry his plunder to his mouth, fancying he was helping himself to a mouthful of meal; but his wry face, and a immoderate endeavour to disgorge, led the observer to note that the urchin had taken to it was "genuine Peruvian guano."

EXECUTION AT TAUNTON.—Thomas Baker Bucknell, convicted of the wilful murder of John Bucknell and Betsy Bucknell, his grandfather and grandmother, at Creeke St. Michael, near Taunton, on the 14th of April last, was executed at Taunton on Tuesday. Although the evidence left no doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, he vehemently asserted his innocence, and up to the last evinced the utmost indifference to his fate. His death was unusually easy.

EIGHT HUNDRED SHEEP POISONED.—A farmer, at Burton, near Bambergh, Northumberland, has just sustained a heavy loss in a singular manner. He had a flock of 867 sheep, which were recently "dipped" in a chemical solution used for destroying ticks, lice, &c., and then turned out to grass. It is supposed that this solution was washed off the sheep by a shower of rain, and fell upon the grass, which being eaten by the sheep poisoned them. They began to die on the 16th inst., and on the 21st inst. only twenty-six out of the whole flock of 867 remained alive.

HOW TO SATCH A INFANT.—A practitioner in the medical line (we are not aware that he has yet "passed") recently gave one of his customers the following prescription:—"Get 10 grains of Squibb in nail, and 20 grains of turpentine with a 1 lb. Lump Sugar in a point of Spring water and let it stand 12 hours shake it up give a infant a tea spoonful and a child a pap spoon full the older their hear a little more every time they have done coughing."—Gateshead Observer.

A FEMALE RAILWAY LABOURER.—A novel case came before the Mayor of Exeter, at the Guildhall, last week. A young woman, named Elizabeth Holman, was charged by Sergeant Crane, of the 19th Regiment of Foot, with attempting to obtain money under false pretences. The prisoner was attired in man's clothes; her face bore evidence of having been exposed to all weathers, and her hair was cut short and parted at the side. It appeared that she was the daughter of a pensioner residing in Cornwall, and that at the age of thirteen she abandoned a female attire and wore boy's clothes. Since that time she had worked as a farm servant and a railway labourer. Five years ago she became acquainted with a young man named Pearce, and they have two children. A few days ago the young man and the prisoner came to Exeter, when the former enlisted in the 19th Regiment. The latter did not object to this, but said she must have a pair of boots from him to enable her to go to work on the Exeter and Yeovil line. She applied to Sergeant Crane to advance her money for the boots, saying she was Pearce's brother; but her sex was discovered, and she was given in custody on the above charge. The Mayor said the charge could not be sustained; and, on dismissing the prisoner, ordered money to be given her from the poor-box. The young woman thanked his worship, and said she would not wear any other than man's clothes, and "would work as a labourer if she was transported for it."

THE CONFESSIONAL.

The "confessional" continues to attract considerable attention. On Saturday morning the Reverend William Gresley himself put forward in the "Times" a justification of Mr. West, his curate. Mr. Gresley says the transaction at Boyn Hill is a "trumpety affair, got up for party purposes." The poor woman, upon whom Mr. West intruded, he avers, "instead of being, as stated, 'upset,' declared that she was much 'comforted' by his visit, expressed herself as most grateful to him for 'explaining the commandments,' and said that 'he was just the sort of gentleman to visit the sick.'" Mr. Gresley intimates that the poor woman had been anything but virtuous in her past life.

On the doctrinal part of the "trumpety affair," Mr. Gresley seems to hold very positive views. He says:—

"So far as my own experience goes, I have known more sinners brought to repentance by this means than by any other. It is just what sinful worldly men, awakened to their danger, need, in order to work in them a thorough conversion and amendment of life. I scarcely ever knew a person relapsing into irreligious habits who had conscientiously used confession. With regard to the doctrine of the English Church, I may be quite wrong; but it appears to me that a person who should read the visitation service and the exhortation in the communion service, and say that confession was not taught in the English Church, might just as well say that black is white. If one could, but get people to look at the immense benefit of confession, when conscientiously used, instead of resting on the abuses which are said to have arisen from it, I am sure all this outcry would pass away. I do not know how it may be in foreign countries, but I am quite sure, from considerable experience, that confession as practised in the English Church is almost an unmixt blessing."

Here, then, is a broad and direct advocacy and defence of the doctrine of confession. The "Times" remarks upon it:—

"Mr. Gresley appeals to his experience, just as a London physician in first-rate practice would appeal to his—he is evidently driving a large trade in this way. No wonder that the particular case brought forward is thought 'a trumpety affair.' No wonder that the little jobs of the journeyman confessor should be so little thought of while the master confessor has so much business on hand. But is it all transacted in the same way? Do the husbands always happen to be out, and is the Seventh Commandment always dwelt upon with such unctuous iteration? We own that we should like to be better satisfied of the consent of the husbands and parents in all these cases. We can never be quite certain that some astutely logical mind may not construe silence into consent, and ignorance into assenting silence. But, apart from the husband, who may be ignorant, and the parent, who may be careless, we should be also curious to know what moral force is brought to bear upon the penitent herself. A drawing-room may not be entered so unceremoniously as a cottage, but in this honest, hospitable, church-going country, a clergyman is commonly received as a neighbour and a friend. Can we be sure that if we ask our new curate to dinner and admit his morning calls, we shall not in a few days or weeks, find some of our female relatives in nervous tremors about horns and flames, and gradually slipping towards the conviction that there is no other way of escape but by a daily closeting with our new, smart, reverend acquaintance? . . . It is a foolish fraud to talk about the doctrines of the English Church in connection with practices that are fit only for the latitude of the Salt Lake or the synagogues of the Free Lovers. Every man knows what the confession enjoined by the Church of England is. Periodical, habitual, salacious conversations have nothing in common with this wholesome refuge of a wounded conscience. Let such things be left to profligate priests and prurient women. The age is very philosophical, but we are not yet quite arrived at this point."

A writer in the "Morning Post" describes Mr. Gresley's church and the services therein:—"The church is a capacious one, built of red brick, and very fantastically arranged. Internally the red bricks are inlaid with bricks of green, blue, and various other colours. The windows are filled with rich stained glass, and the niches in the aisles are filled with sculptured representations of various stages of the Saviour's history. There is a high altar—an altar 'as high, if not higher, than the pulpit.' The table is covered with a richly-ornamented velvet, bearing two large golden candlesticks, crosses, and 'other devices,' the whole surmounted by a long cross, about four feet in height. Over the chancel is a large picture of the Saviour with angels ministering to him. All the seats are open and free, and all are provided with hassocks. As for the service, at half-past ten o'clock twelve choristers and four priests entered in procession and took their seats in the chancel. There was a full choral service which completely eclipsed anything which St. Barnabas Church ever produced in its palmiest days. The Rev. Mr. West, the curate whose proceedings have given rise to so much indignant comment, intoned the prayers from the chancel, and Mr. Vignolles read the first and second lessons from an eagle's back at the bottom of the altar stairs. The Rev. Mr. Shipley took up his position at the eastern end of the middle aisle and chanted the Litany with his back to the congregation. A hymn, 'Now that the daylight fills the sky,' and which was sung to a rollicking tune very unlike the staid compositions to which English church-goers are accustomed, preceded the Litany, and it was followed by the 'Venite Creator,' from the service for the ordination of priests. Mr. Gresley ascended the altar steps for the purpose of reading the communion service. He knelt on the steps on the front of the cross, having a priest on each side, and in this attitude they remained two or three minutes."

We are then told how Mr. Gresley read this portion of the service from a book of "bright red colour;" and how, when Mr. West read the Gospel, Mr. Gresley stood with his face close to the wall and his back to the congregation. The burden of the sermon was confession, to which the people were affectionately exhorted.

THE ACTION AGAINST MR. LANDOR.

YESCOMBE AND ANOTHER V. LANDOR.

An action which has created great interest was tried at Bristol on Monday. It was an action for libel.

Mr. Slade, in opening the case, said his client, Mr. Yescombe, was a clergyman who had resided for some time in Bath, and had mixed with the first society in that city. The defendant was a poet and author, whose works had procured for him a world-wide reputation, and anything that dropped from his pen approaching to a serious imputation could not be silently passed over. The action was brought for the purpose of rescuing Mrs. Yescombe from a most malicious libel, contained in a book called, "Dry Sticks Faggotted," written by Walter Savage Landor, and widely circulated. It was impossible to discover what motive had induced Mr. Landor to pursue Mrs. Yescombe in the manner he had done; for up to May in last year they had been on the most intimate terms, and almost daily visited. The only possible motive that could be suggested was the course which Mrs. Yescombe had pursued with regard to a young lady who at one time was almost a member of her family. Mrs. Yescombe had recommended that that young lady should be removed from Bath to Cheltenham, and immediately after that removal, Mr. Landor began to publish some of his libellous statements. He published a pamphlet headed "Mr. Landor and the Hon. Mrs. Yescombe," and in that he charged her with six offences:—1. That Mrs. Yescombe had in a trial been guilty of perjury. 2. That he had given her £18 to pay for him, and that she had purloined half the money. 3. That Mrs. Yescombe had stolen £5 out of a letter which Mr. Landor had trusted to her to put in the post-office. 4. That a tradesman named Jolly had sent Mrs. Yescombe a receipt for the money for some goods; that the money was not returned, but she had valued herself of the receipt. 5. That being in the shoe-shop of a man named Banks, there were 11s. on the counter, and 7s. of it had found their way into Mrs. Yescombe's pocket. 6. That Mrs. Yescombe had obtained £100 from Mr. Landor upon false pretences. These most serious charges were circulated throughout Bath. Mr. Yescombe consulted an attorney in that town, who wrote to Mr. Landor, asking for an apology which would be satisfactory to Mr. Yescombe's friends and the public. To that letter no answer was sent, but another pamphlet was published, in which Mr. Slade was attacked. It was headed, "Mr. Landor Threatened," and it concluded with these words:—"Would it be unlawful to order a chairman to cudgel the fellow for his insolence?" After this there was nothing left but to bring an action. The object of the action was, of course, to challenge the trader to prove the truth of his accusation. If it was shown to a jury to be true, then it was an answer to the action. Now, Mr. Landor pleaded the truth of the libel. Mr. Yescombe was prepared to go to trial at Wells, when, shortly before the assizes, a gentleman named Forster, the friend of Mr. Landor, and who had been the editor of the "Examiner" newspaper, came down from London, called on Mr. Slade, and after some conversation the following apology was agreed to:—"The two published statements concerning Mrs. Yescombe, and entitled 'Walter Savage Landor and the Hon. Mrs. Yescombe,' and 'Mr. Landor Threatened,' having at the request of my friends been referred to Mr. Forster to institute an inquiry into the circumstances connected therewith, and it having been this day reported to me as the result of such inquiry, that, in Mr. Forster's opinion, I had no sufficient authority on which to make the charges affecting the honesty and character of Mrs. Yescombe, I hereby fully and unreservedly withdraw all such charges contained in the statement above referred to. Bath, 27th July, 1857." To this, by the desire of Mr. Slade, was added a promise that the libels should not be repeated. The ink was hardly dry with which the apology was written, when the most disgraceful anonymous letter in verse, on pills and salivation, was written to Mrs. Yescombe, and sent by the post. Then came another, addressed to "Caina Convalescent," ending—

"Our race, O Caina, we have run
From all besetting perils free;
I with Apollo now have done,
And you (I hope) with Mercury."

Besides those letters there was one so horribly bad, so offensive in every way, that it had to be destroyed. Bad as those letters were, the plaintiff would have taken no notice of them, had not Mr. Landor followed them up by the publication of "Dry Sticks." In the original copy of the work was a poem addressed to an unnatural mother, which was in these terms:—

"Unnatural mother,
Why hasten to smother
Whatever is fairest and fondest in child?
In hell's bitter water
You plunge your own daughter,
Nor have wept when she wept, nor have smiled when she smiled.
If sorrows assail you,
Who then will bewail you?
The true and the tender for ever is gone;
Unnatural mother,
Ah! I never another
Will love and lament you as she would have done."

Mr. Landor afterwards withdrew this poem from his book, because some friend had told him that it was a libel, and he expressed his regret to the publisher that he could not publish it. Mr. Landor then had recourse to artifice, and instead of Mother "Yescombe," he used the word "Pestcombe," and one poem ran in these terms:—

"THE PILFERED TO THE PILFERER.
"Mother Pestcombe! none denies
You were ever true to — lies.
So the father of them all
Helps you up at every fall;
Putting money in your pocket,
Showing an amulet, showing a locket—
Showing where you lately found
That poor nurse's lost five pound.
Pay me down the debt you owe
For such praise as few bestow:
I can never take for this
Tottering teeth and sniggering kiss—
Teeth, to say the least, as long
As another woman's tongue;
Some atwart, like windmill sails,
Others fit for park paleys—
Kiss as foul as muskets are
After the Crime in war."

(Then followed some lines which we cannot print.)

This was another passage from the book:—

"TO CAINA.
"At the cart's tail, some years ago,
The female thief was dragged on slow,
And the stern Beadle's eager whip
Followed the naked haunch to clip.
If no such custom now prevails,
Is it that carts have lost their tails?
Rejoice, O Caina! raise thy voice,
Not where it should be, but where, rejoice."

And there was another libel on page 288.

"CANIDIA AND CAINA.
"Canidia shared her prey with owls and foxes,
The daintier Caina feeds on letter boxes."

That was the plaintiff's case; and he, the learned counsel, asked for such damages as would protect Mrs. Yescombe's character from future calumny.

Mr. Nichols, the publisher, Mr. Slade, the plaintiff's solicitor, the Rev. Mr. Yescombe, and other witnesses, were called to prove the opening statement, after which

Mr. Phinn addressed the jury for the defendant. He intimated an opinion that the matter ought to have been compromised; but it now appeared that counsel had no power to make such arrangements of their own motion, and he had sought in vain for authority to settle the case out of court. He could not justify the libels, nor indeed could some passages in them be excused. He asked the jury, however, not to judge Mr. Landor as they would judge a writer in the vigour of his manhood, but to estimate him as a gentleman who was educated in the manners of a past age, when licence was accorded to satire, and literature had

not been purified—as one who, with the virtues, had imbibed some of the vices of the earlier poets. With respect to the question of damages, he reminded the jury that they would have no right to award more as a punishment of the defendant, but merely to meet the injury which they considered that the plaintiff had sustained.

Mr. Baron Channel then summed up, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £1,000.

DREADFUL RAILWAY COLLISION

On Monday evening, an accident of a very horrible nature occurred on the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, near the Round Oak station. Fifteen people are dead, and many injured most seriously.

It appears that an excursion train left Wolverhampton for Worcester in the morning, and upon the return, the train, which consisted of between thirty and forty carriages, called at all the stations. On reaching the Round Oak station, about nine p.m., a coupling chain broke, the last three carriages and guard's van of the train became detached; and as it is an incline from Dudley to Stourbridge, the carriages, at first slowly, but afterwards with great speed, ran back down the incline towards the Brettle Lane station. About the same time a luggage train left the Brettle Lane station, and a collision of course took place. The driver of the second train perceived the carriages running back upon him down the incline, and had nearly succeeded in bringing his train to a stand at the time of the collision, thus considerably mitigating the severity of the crash. But as it was, the consequences were fearful. The occupants of the detached carriages do not appear to have been aware of their peril till the accident itself occurred, or was near occurring. The crash and the scene which followed were dreadful. frightfully mangled bodies in which life was extinct; frightfully mangled bodies, in which, though the breath of life still lingered, it only contributed to their sufferings—it was a frightful picture. Others—seriously, but not fatally hurt, shrieking with pain and terror—were commingled in a general mêlée, hardly distinguishable and the darkness and the dust occasioned by the collision. The terrified passengers who escaped without serious injury ran hither and thither in bewilderment, and for a time none knew what to do. Some of the carriages were splintered into thousands of pieces; the buffers were bent and broken, and distributed pell-mell about the line. The engine was shattered, and in almost as dilapidated a condition as the carriages themselves.

A few of the more self-possessed passengers bestirred themselves to render all possible assistance to the unfortunate sufferers, and remove them from the wreck that bestrewed the line, while messengers were despatched for aid. It was soon apparent that the loss of life was lamentably great. Eleven lifeless people were discovered among the rubbish, in addition to many frightfully mangled and disfigured; four of these died soon afterwards. As speedily as possible, the latter were conveyed on stretchers, furnished by the shivered coaches to the various hotels in the neighbourhood; and the next day attended to was the removal of the dead in like manner. Many of those only slightly injured proceeded onwards by the train, and it is probable that a complete list of the casualties resulting from this sad affair will never be obtained. The removal of the wounded was effected under the superintendence of Mr. Wall, assistant to Mr. Morris, the company's surgeon at Brindley Hill, who was first upon the ground; but other medical men soon arrived.

There is a feature in this case, which is not presented by railway accidents generally. The train to which the accident happened was a special one from a particular district, and all the persons injured or killed resided within a limited area, within which all the distressing consequences of the calamity are concentrated. All the serious casualties were sustained by persons residing at Prince's End, Coleley, Tipton, Dudley, and the immediate vicinity of those places; and, with one exception, all are adult persons. The sufferers are nearly all poor people. Of the dead, three are women. In one case, a man, his wife, and his son, were all killed. In another, a poor fellow was killed by a splinter driven into his heart.

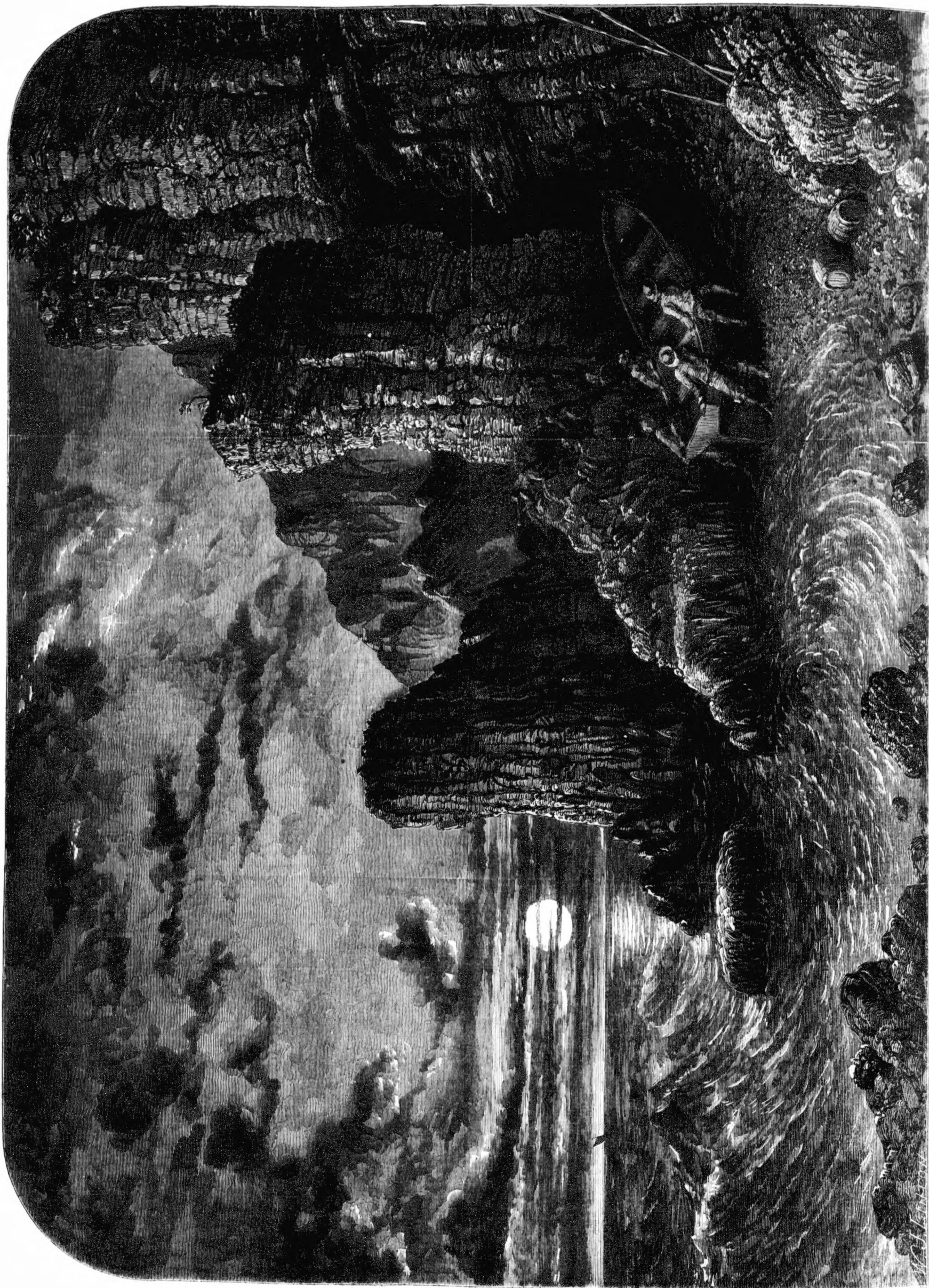
Since the above was in type, it has been ascertained that no less than eighty-eight persons are more or less injured, and thirty-eight seriously, for the rescue of a third of whom very great doubts are entertained. Many more, however, are believed to have been hurt. It also appears that there was great negligence on the part of the railway officers. The excursion train was enormously long and heavy, carrying about 2,000 persons. Two engines drew it to Worcester in the forenoon, and in the course of that journey the coupling chains, somewhere in the train, broke twice, causing serious shocks. In returning at night the train was divided into two portions, each drawn by a separate engine, but this did not prevent the coupling chains from again breaking; and this, it appears, was the cause of the calamity.

A SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

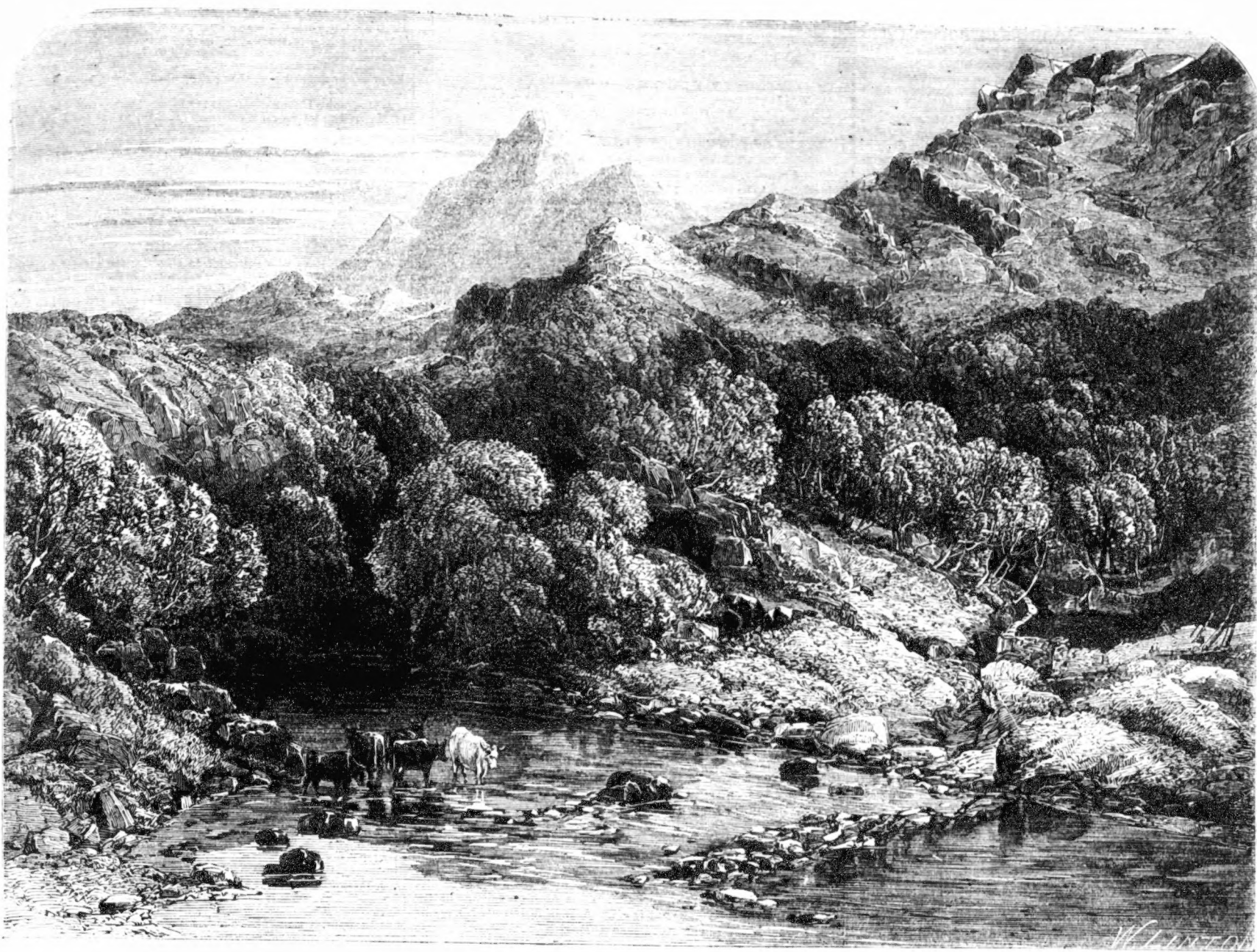
FROM A PICTURE BY F. DANBY, A.R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Is there anything worth smuggling now-a-days? and, the smuggler's occupation being very nearly gone, should we not properly cast him among the extinct animals? Echo, being thus appealed to, and answered in the affirmative. The days are indeed gone by when cohorts of "bold smugglers," with kegs and rubbers of right Holland and Nantes particular, that were never intended to pay the King's shilling, slung at their saddle-owes, went trooping along the mountain beach; when cargoes were "run," and fannies dwelling close to the sea-shore had snug punchons and forbidden bales concealed in their barns and granaries; when lieutenants of revenue cutters' lives were a torment unto them, and county jails were full to overflowing with rough seafaring men, who had committed no worse crime than smuggling, but who were sent to herd, nevertheless, with pickpockets and thieves. Free trade and liberal tariffs have all but knocked smuggling on the head; it is only in some quiet seaport town, now and then, that you hear the gossip whispering to each other, with bated breath, that old Mr. Jones made a power of money by smuggling; and that as for Toby Jennings, it was well known that he'd been a terrible smuggler in his time. The coast-guardsmen have now comparatively an easy task, and can doze upon their beats (though it is doubtless contrary to the articles of war to do so). In fact, what is there to smuggle? Contraband stiks are no longer in demand. Foreign lace, when wanted, comes over in the passenger boat between Dover and Calais, wound round the waists of fair ladies; and, as for tobacco, still the staple of the smuggling vocation, the great bulk of it, in a contraband shape, is brought over packed in the voluminous crinoline of the stewardesses of the Rotterdam steam-boats. The modern representative of the "bold smuggler" is a shallow impostor in a pea-jacket, and a tarpaulin hat, who skulks about the vicinity of metropolitan railway stations, and tempts unwary countrymen with offers of genuine bandanas—made of cotton—and equally genuine Havannah, mainly composed of brown paper and hay; the old smuggler, with his striped galligaskins, his broad leather belt with the brass buckle, his red nightcap, bucket boots, and terrible "snickance" such as we see him in "Guy Mannering" and the Surrey melodramas, is fading away, and unless a restrictive system of custom duties be re-enacted, we shall have to let the old romantic smuggler's cave to a professor of geology or a lecturer upon the "common objects of the sea-shore."

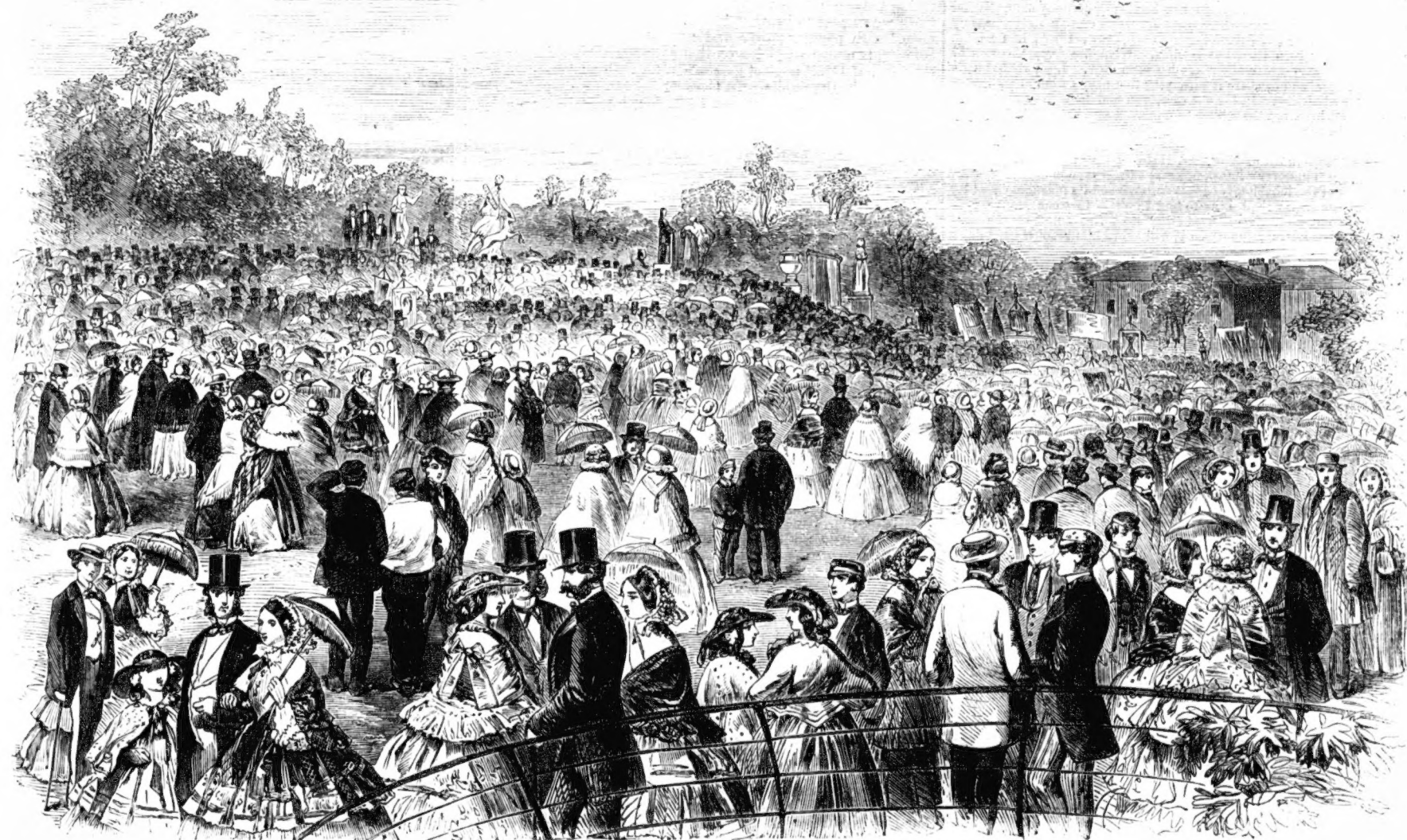
Forbid such a consummation, however, while Mr. Francis Danby continues—as we trust he long may do—to paint such charming scenes of marine beauty as the "Smuggler's Cave" now before us. The locality is charming enough to make us turn round to see Majesty's Inland Revenue for ever and a day. The rugged and wooded rocks, the sounding sea, so fierce upon the shingle, yet so calm afar off, where it seems to kiss the departing sun—these inspire peaceful, innocent thoughts; but alas for the depravity of human nature, those sea-eyed kegs, that boat which is being dragged up into the recesses of the cave by the four stalwart smugglers, show that the custom-house is being plotted against. Let us, at least, hope that the rogues may get off this time, and that the beauty of Mr. Danby's tableau may not be marred by a combat between the smugglers crew and the Revenue cutters' cutlass-armed seamen.



THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.—(FROM THE PICTURE BY F. DANDY, A.R.A., IN THE BACKSLIP EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)



MOEL SIABOD. —(FROM A PICTURE BY BRANWHITE.)



FINAL TRANSFER OF THE PEOPLE'S PARK AT HALIFAX BY MR. FRANK CROSSLEY, M.P. —(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. GREGSON AND BATES.)

MOEL SIABOD.

FROM A PICTURE BY J. BRANWHITE.

MOEL-Y-MONT—we wish our Cambrio-British readers would set us right on the subject—in as we are informed, a part of South Wales in the county and four miles north of Cardigan, and boasts a population of one hundred and forty souls. We trust that we are not wrong in assuming that Moel Siabod, a view of which has been shadowed forth by Mr. Branwhite in so picturesque a manner, is situated in the immediate vicinity of Moel-y-Mont; although in venturing the assumption, we may be perhaps committing as great an error as the rustic who sent word to a friend, who was in the ninety-sixth regiment at the Cape of Good Hope, to ask for news of his brother Jim, who was in the ninety-seventh, a corps which at that time happened to be stationed in Newfoundland. However, we shall not do wrong, we feel assured, in electing Wales as the home of Mr. Branwhite's pleasant picture. Sturdy cattle, brown and orange mountain in foreground, purple and cerulean misty peak in background, tufted underwood, rapids brawling among shattered stones; sturdy, browsing kine leaving their rocky pasturage to lap the cool water—all these are evidently Welsh. A golden haze pervades the scene, and the umbrageous recesses of the pool suggest delicious places, where a bath, such as was enjoyed by Musidora, could be taken at the pilgrim's sweet will.

THE PEOPLE'S PARK AT HALIFAX.

A few days since, Mr. Frank Crossley, M.P., formally transferred to the mayor and corporation of Halifax the beautiful park which he had formed expressly as a gift to the people of that town. To all intents and purposes, the park was already in the people's possession; on this occasion, the keys were formally handed over to the corporation. The day was not observed as a general holiday, but some of the mills and some of the shops closed at noon; and afterwards a monster procession, composed of the mayor and corporation, the police, several bands of music, the workpeople of Messrs. John Crossley and Sons, and the Sunday-schools of the town, formed at the Town Hall, and proceeded through the principal streets (where numerous flags and banners were exhibited) to the People's Park. There the children sang a hymn with a beautiful effect.

Then came the event of the day. The mayor handed to Mr. Crossley a copy of an Act of Parliament passed in the late session, confirming the deed executed by Mr. Crossley in favour of the people of Halifax. This Act, among other important objects, excludes the People's Park from the operation of the laws of mortmain and charitable uses, and secures to the inhabitants of Halifax the privileges of the park in perpetuity, which no deed of conveyance or settlement could effect. With the consent of Mr. Crossley, of course, it removes the possibility of the park ever reverting back to him or his descendants.

Mr. Crossley then ascended the stand, temporarily erected for the ceremony, and said:—"I assure you that if the anniversary of the opening of the park had been allowed to pass over in silence, I should have been exceedingly well pleased. But you have thought proper not so to pass by it. You have shown by your presence this day that you appreciate the gift of this park far more than it deserves. But when I come to consider that the spot on which I stand, two years and a half ago, was but flat fields, with ugly walls, and scarcely a tree or a shrub upon it, I must say that the result and its appearance this day has surpassed my most sanguine expectations. But you have not me to thank for this; for, as I told you twelve months ago, it was from God and not myself that this thing had come about. He it was who gave me the idea; he it was who gave me the means to carry it out. I must say that when I came to be disappointed in procuring that site which I considered at that time would be the best for a People's Park, I was for a while very much depressed about it. But when this site was suggested to me, and I succeeded in procuring the aid of Sir Joseph Paxton, to give me designs and his staff to carry them out, I no longer despaired or doubted that we should eventually succeed; and this, though we had almost everything to do. I do not regret that I admitted the public to this park long before it was finished; for I saw no reason why they should not have the benefit of it, so long as they could be admitted without injury to the works which were in progress. I am glad, also, that I persevered in carrying out my own plans, although many good-wishers told me I was about to make a great mistake; that I was supposing that the people of Halifax would behave themselves as well as the people in London; and that I should find out to my sorrow that they were not equal to the Londoners here. It is exceedingly gratifying to find that, although they have been tempted with far more temptations than the Londoners—for I know of no place in London or England where any man, woman, or child can enter a place where there are white marble statues, at any hour of the day, or any day of the week—I know, I say, of no place where this has been tried but Halifax. What has been the result? Not one sixpenny-worth of damage has been done. Look at that little summer-house, and compare it with your fine places where they charge money for admission. In the one case, you find it with names cut all over it; but here, not the scratch of a pin. I say, then, that I was not mistaken in putting confidence in the people of Halifax. If you want good behaviour in your fellow-creatures, you must show that you have some confidence in them. Now, Mr. Mayor, I have to present you with the keys [handing over a bunch of keys] and possession of this park for the benefit of the inhabitants of this borough and its neighbourhood for ever. Right happy shall I be to find in years to come many a poor and tried, but honest man, wandering here and enjoying the cool breeze and the refreshment which it will afford him after a hard day's work."

Mr. Crossley was interrupted by repeated bursts of cheering; and he well deserved to be cheered. Some other speeches were delivered by members of the association, and the affair terminated with singing the "National Anthem."

In the evening, more than 200 people sat down to dinner in the Mechanics' Hall. Mr. Crossley was present.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES."

SIR,—As I find that my correspondence with Miss Burdett Coutts, on the picture "Home and the Homeless," referred to by Lord Lyndhurst in his recent speech in the House of Lords, and remarked upon in various journals, is still a subject of some misunderstanding in artistic and other circles, I propose to appeal from explanations to facts—to the only evidence, indeed, that can be perfectly satisfactory to all parties—that of the picture and the sketch themselves. I am an artist, not a writer: my pictures were painted for publicity, my letters were not written for publicity. I would appeal, therefore, to my works as my justification, and as soon as the two works can be obtained, I will place them in a public gallery, and invite the public and the profession to judge whether they justify the allusions and the controversy which have gathered about them. They will, I trust, be ready for exhibition in a few days.—Your obedient servant,
Cavendish Road, St. John's Wood.

THOMAS FAED.

A DELICATE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.—"Mr. Binney," says the "British Standard," "is performing something like a royal progress throughout the Australian colonies. He is everywhere received with the respect due to his talents, character, and services. He is not only preaching, but also lecturing as he goes. The 'Sydney Morning Herald' reports a grand exhibition of the lecturing order in that city, when the Governor-General—to his honour be it said—occupied the chair. Mr. Binney's subject was 'Be Men'; a theme which requires to be managed with some delicacy to preserve its harmony with the Evangelical spirit."

AFTER A SERIES OF HARD CONTESTS, the Liverpool Workhouse Committee have consented to allow Roman Catholic and Dissenting clergymen free access to the workhouse, for the purpose of religious instruction and consolation.

A LADY, of Casteldarrazir, near Toulouse, who was married so far back as 1845, has brought an action against her husband to have the marriage declared null and void, on the ground that he is not a man, but a woman! The alleged woman is represented by the local journals to be five feet six inches high, and to be apparently of great strength.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

OUR COURT AND LITERATURE.

We find in a morning contemporary, of this week, the following paragraph:—

"A letter from Berlin says:—

"Biron Alexander Humboldt was invited by the Queen and Prince Consort of England to breakfast at the palace of Babelsburg, and was received by her Majesty and his Highness in the most flattering manner."

Nothing could be more proper. Humboldt's is one of the great names of the age, and when her Majesty and the Prince Consort showed the old philosopher this personal attention, they were really paying a compliment to the intellect of all Prussia. As such, it would be received by the immense band of intellectual labourers of all schools, who are so conspicuous a feature in modern Germany.

But how is it that we somehow or other never hear of the English Courts paying any kind of attention to a *British* writer, of whatever degree of merit? We say, the Court, because we would be unwilling to have it thought that we levelled a personal imputation at her Majesty. Is not this true, however, of the Court as a focus or centre of the highest social power of the country? How is it to be denied? There is the "Court Circular" to tell us of the receptions and hospitalities; no record is more regularly read by a loyal public, and the names of all who bask in the sun-bine of royalty are perfectly familiar to everybody, the list being regularly closed by "Mr. Gibbs." Among those names nobody ever sees some half-a-dozen which are esteemed all over the kingdom as those of great thinkers. Tom Thum was there some years ago, and now and then a painter of the royal terriers, &c., turns up, or a man of science of the back-stairs species; but that is all. A British Humboldt would in all probability never have seen a British Babelsburg, except from the outside.

We attribute this, of course, not to any personal feeling of her Majesty's, but rather to a kind of traditional association of the Hanover family since it has been here. The family has never taken to our national literature kindly; having come here before the intellectual revival which has made letters stand so high in Germany, and having been long here before it got familiar with our language and habits. The old prejudice, however, has survived change and improvement of many kinds, and has, perhaps, been refreshed by modern Court connections. The truth we suspect to be, that Literature being more directly connected with popular power and new ideas than either Art or Science, is under suspicion on that account. Our thinkers pay the price of Court neglect as a set-off for their real freedom and weight with the public. In Germany a strong despotism can afford to be ribbon and to ask to dinner intellectual notables, because there is an immense Government power in reserve, should their pens ever threaten to be troublesome. Here a writer supported by the public would laugh at St. James's, and St. James's is unpleasantly conscious of the influence of writers.

This is only speculation on our part, but we suspect there is something in it, from the impossibility we feel of starting any other equally plausible theory. It might be urged by our old friend the snob that your great thinkers are often, you know, not of the birth, in fact, for such personal honour. But her Majesty, whose knowledge of such matters is unquestionable, must be well aware that if she confined herself in the bestowal of such courtesies to people of ancestry, she might soon close up her Royal drawing rooms. How, on earth, is Sir Toby Vatt, C.B., the brewer's grandson, entitled to turn up his nose at Mr. A. or Mr. B., whose writings help to civilise Europe, and will be remembered ages after the world has forgotten Vatt's Entire? No, no. This is not the objection, for England is the last country in Europe whose rulers can consistently base themselves on it. The influence is such as we have hinted at above, a mixture of the old legacy of Georgian ignorance and stupidity, with a Royal Highness—of apprehension of the too great popular importance of complete literary freedom.

While pointing out these facts, brought into such significant notice by the paragraph of news with which we set out, we must save ourselves from misapprehension by adding a few words. We do not think that it would be at all desirable for eminent men of the rare kind that we have in view, to attach much importance to the exclusion in question. It is better that they should receive no courtesy than that they should receive too much. In fact, the point is not a *grievance*, of course, at all. What, then, entitles it to remark? Simply, that so unique a fact in modern social life illustrates the present phase of the British monarchy. If the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, all in succession, left an example in this particular, which the House of Hanover does not follow, surely the historical fact is worth knowing, if only as a curiosity? So we think. But if, further, it receives partial explanation on political grounds (as we have also ventured to suppose), who is not glad that such an exceedingly mild and seedy manner of deprecating the importance of letters is the only manner now possible in the country in which De foe was pilloried, and Prynne lost his ears? There is nothing without its favourable side, and our Humboldts may all pay the price of a good breakfast or two for the thorough-going enjoyment of British liberty.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS.

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS have presented Mr. John Stuart Mill with the sum of £500, in token of their appreciation of his eminent abilities and the faithful discharge of his duties.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, on the occasion of his fête, granted 1,241 pardons, or commutations of punishment, to 1,020 persons condemned for crimes, and 221 condemned for offences. At Brest, on the prayer of the Empress, he granted pardon to five prisoners, one of them the mother of five children!

A HANDSOME MONUMENTAL TABLET is about to be erected to the memory of Major-General Sir H. W. Bartlett, K.C.B., one of the Delhi heroes, in the military chapel, Wellington Barracks, Birdcage Walk.

THERE IS LESS WATER in the rivers of France than anybody remembers to have seen. Many of the small mills are stopped, and those situated on larger streams are not able to do more than half the usual amount of work.

HER MAJESTY has pardoned William Craft, who was sentenced to six months' hard labour for kissing a lady at Swanage.

THERE IS A TALK of an expedition against Madagascar by a combined English and French force, to punish the piracies of which the savages of that island have been guilty. Nothing is yet positively decided, but the necessity of some such measure is recognised.

OF THREE BOYS who succeeded in climbing the greased pole set up at Bayonne in honour of the Emperor's fête, and in carrying off its prize, one was an English cabin-boy; the others were Spanish lads from the Asturias. Our little countryman went up with perfect ease, and stood on the top; the Spaniards sat there.

LONGFELLOW is about to publish a poem, entitled "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and several lyrics.

A COMET is reported to have been seen last week near Oswestry, going from east to south-west.

A PIRATE VESSEL has been seen in the vicinity of Cape Ciro, near the Island of Cos.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE, who was enrolled in the 1st Regiment of the Imperial Guard, a few days after his birth, has been promoted to the rank of corporal.

MR. HERWALD WAKE, the leader of the party of gentlemen and Sikhs who so brilliantly defended Arrah, has been feted by his fellow-townsmen at Northampton.

AT ROME, a few days ago, a mischievous boy, amused at the vast criminality worn by a lady, contrived to set fire to it as she was crossing the Piazza della Carrette. The poor lady was dreadfully burned, and expired the next day.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE has been to Rouen, collecting notes on Normandy, with a view of writing a book on a French subject.

LORD BROUGHAM has consented to be present at the inauguration of the Grantham monument to Sir Isaac Newton, which is to take place on the 21st of September.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has been entertaining the electors of Tamworth at the Manor.

SEVERAL ITALIANS were arrested at Cherbourg during the fêtes there.

MR. JUSTICE CHAMPTON has been sworn in a member of the Privy Council. Some time since, it was rumoured that three judges would retire, making a clear path to the bench for Mr. Whitehead and other Tories. It died away, and is now again revived.

MR. METCALFE, of Acomb House Lunatic Asylum, has been served with the seven days' notice required by the statute previous to an application to the Lord Chancellor to revoke his license.

A NEW POLICE STATION AND MAGISTRATES' COURT has been recently erected at Preston; but, owing to its peculiar construction, conversation cannot be heard in it.

THE HON. COURT OF EAST INDIA DIRECTORS will perish, with the first partridge, on the 1st of September.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, at Antwerp, has just elected Mr. E. H. Bailly, the English Royal Academician, a member of its body.

COLONEL E. R. C. MOUDY, R.E., formerly Governor of the Falkland Islands, has, it is said, been appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the new North American colony of British Columbia.

A PIC-NIC PARTY FROM VARNA were seized by a band of brigands, who bound the gentlemen to trees, abused the ladies, and went off with their money and jewels.

MR. THOMAS SPENCER BLAKE, a person of property, who was in St. Thomas's Hospital, suffering from delirium tremens, got up in the night, and precipitated himself from a window. He was killed.

FOURTEEN PERSONS were drowned in Victoria Bay, Australia, on the 21st of June, by the upsetting of a boat.

THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY, which was to have taken place at Vienna in 1859, has been indefinitely postponed.

M. POITEVIN, the aeronaut, whose excursions on horseback made him so celebrated, has met the fate of several of his predecessors. He fell into the sea near Malaga, when descending with his balloon, and was drowned.

A MINOR CANONRY in the Cathedral Church of York has become vacant by the death of the Rev. William Henry Oldfield, M.A., who was also Vicar of St. Martin's, York. Both appointments are in the hands of the Dean and Chapter.

THE MEUSE AND THE SCHELDT have been brought into connection by a navigable canal; and on Thursday week, the first barge arrived at Liège direct from Antwerp.

THE QUICKEST RATE OF LOCOMOTION, after the electric spark, light, sound, and cannon balls, is ascertained to be the flight of a swallow. One of these birds, liberated at Ghent, made its way to its nest at Antwerp in twelve minutes and a half, going at the rate of four miles and a half a minute.

A VIOLENT SHOCK OF EARTHQUAKE was felt in the Island of Rhodes on the 25th ult. It created considerable alarm among the inhabitants, who do not forget the disasters caused by the earthquake of 1856.

A LARGE NUMBER OF LIVE SHELL were "found" on board the Neptune, 120, in a dock at Portsmouth, on Saturday last. They were taken out, and conveyed to the Ordnance Department.

ONE OF THE CORRESPONDENTS OF THE "MORNING POST," appointed to chronicle the tour of the Emperor, was arrested at Auray, because one of his Christian names was Bernard. He was kept a prisoner for twenty-four hours, and then released without a word of explanation.

MR. WILLIAM FOSTER, late Secretary to King's College Hospital, has resigned on account of ill health, and has been succeeded by Mr. James S. Blyth.

TWELVE FRENCH REFUGEES have just been expelled from Belgium.

COLONEL THOMAS E. KELLY, the inspecting field officer of the London recruiting district, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning, at his lodgings in St. Alban's Place, Haymarket.

M. WAGNER, the celebrated Bavarian sculptor, died at Rome on the 10th.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CAMPBELL died after a short illness, in India, brought on by over-exertion and anxiety.

A VESSEL is about to be built at Cherbourg, we hear, to be called Vaisseau-bélier (battering-ram), a sort of man-of-war, of which the first idea belongs to the Emperor, and which is intended to act by its mass and its speed.

A NEW THEATRE is in progress of erection at Whitechapel, on the site of the old Pavilion. The speculator is Mr. John Douglass, the proprietor of the National Standard, Shoreditch.

THE PEOPLE'S SUBSCRIPTION BAND played for the last time this season on Sunday afternoon in the Regent's Park.

THE GOVERNMENT NOMINEES to the new Indian Council are likely to stand thus:—Sir John Lawrence, Sir James Melville, Sir Frederick Currie, Sir R. Vivian, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. J. P. Willoughby, Mr. J. Fringle, and Mr. G. A. Hamilton.

CAPTAIN HARRY E. EDGELL, late of the Tribune, has been ordered to hoist a broad pendant on board the Chesapeake, as commodore of the second class, on the East India station, vice Commodore Watson, who comes home invalided.

IT IS FEARED that the ship Owen Potter, which left Calcutta on her homeward voyage in December last, has foundered, with all hands.

OF FORTY-EIGHT CHARGES OF FELONY, at the borough assizes, Liverpool, thirty were brought against women.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BOOK OF TRAVELS was sold for £2,000, and two-thirds of all profits after the first edition of 12,000 copies.

MR. CURETON, who was for several years connected with the numismatic section of the British Museum, died suddenly on Monday, in the 74th year of his age.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH MEETING of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, opened on Tuesday morning at Hereford, very auspiciously. The weather was favourable, and the town full of visitors.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

A KIND-HEARTED gentleman and a well-known actor has passed away from among us. On Sunday afternoon, John Pritt Harley escaped from his residence in Gower Street. He was seized with paralysis on Friday, and never rallied. It was considered witty at the peak of Mr. Harley's age as being something fabulous, seen so long on the stage, was so thoroughly connected with the names of several generations of play-goers, that one is somewhat inclined to find he had not attained his seventieth year. The actor, however, was born in the year 1790, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and was originally brought up as a surgeon. He had scarcely, however, attained his majority, before his passion for the stage declared itself, and he joined the famous York Circuit, managed by Tate Wilkinson, which was then considered as the nursery of dramatic talent, and whence came the elder Mathews, Emery, Remister, and Liston. A queer, eccentric, rough old man was Tate Wilkinson, but sharp and shrewd withal. If a neophyte had talent, he managed to extract it, and in two years he had quitted Mr. Harley for the London stage. The young man made his debut at the Opera House in the spring of 1815. He immediately took a position, and was engaged by the proprietors of Drury Lane, where he appeared in the following September. Since then, his career has been straightforward and successful. He has made no great hit, but has always occupied a good position, and, one may imagine, had an excellent salary. He was with Madame Vestris at the Theatre-Francaise, and at the Lyceum. He was the only legitimate actor who held to Mr. Bunn in the days of English opera at Drury Lane; and he has been the principal low comedian at the Princess's since that time, and has been under Mr. Keen's management.

It is not very easy to understand how Mr. Harley obtained such a position, standing in his profession; for, truth to tell, his histrionic ability was never very great. He appeared to have no conception of character, showed no delicate light and shade in rendering its various phases (I am speaking of original parts; his reading of the stock characters in Shakespeare and the old plays was traditional and excellent); but he was wonderfully outrageously funny. In the art of what is technically known as "mugging," he was unsurpassed by the great Wright himself, and his various bits of pantomime, his talk, the protruding of his lower lip, and the final passing of the right hand across the nose, were hailed with delight, and never failed to draw roars of laughter from the audience. In private life, he was a cheerful, good-natured, glib-tongued gentleman, full of anecdotes of the old actors, which he related with much humour and vivacity. He was, also, very fond of his collection of fine wigs worn by the most distinguished persons on the stage, and took great pleasure in exhibiting it.

A poor old gentleman, Mr. Savage Lander, has again been making himself worse than ridiculous in the eyes of the public. The last time he heard of him was on the occasion of his offering a sum of money to any person who would assassinate the King of Naples; and now his name figures as the defendant in an action for libel, in which he is proved to have written the most disgusting and imbecile nonsense against an unoffending lady, for which he will have to pay a thousand pounds. Mr. Lander is now upwards of eighty-three years old, surely a time when "red-hot youth" may be supposed to have "cooled down to iron man;" indeed, his friends are most to blame for his escapades. He should be denied the use of pen and ink, in pity, not for his enemies, but for himself. It is melancholy indeed to see the last divisions of a mind once so powerful and so rightly-toned.

It is sad to see Prince Albert caught napping, and yet, if we are to believe the "Continental Review," which is generally pretty well informed, both he and the Queen were taken utterly unawares by the Emperor's speech on board the *Bretagne*, at Cherbourg; so much so, that in his response the Prince Consort stammered and stunk, and utterly neglected to allude to the Empress or the Prince Imperial. The Emperor must have laughed in his sleeve as he saw how well his plan had succeeded, and Prince Albert, usually so calm and impassible, and self-reliant, must have been proportionately chagrined.

Rumours from the Continent report a great falling-off in the number of English tourists, and attribute the decrease to the vexations of the passport system. This is further confirmed by the news from the English and Irish Lakes, which are swarming with visitors, and where accommodation commands fabulous prices. Scotland is also thronged, amongst the visitors being many distinguished men—Mr. Guizot, who is staying with Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Carlyle, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. John Leech, Mr. Millais, &c. By the way, apropos of holiday travel, I may mention that three very neat and cheap little guide-books have been published by Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross, descriptive respectively of Paris, English Cathedrals, and the Channel Islands.

Philosophers of the *nil admirari* school, and people who go about preaching that there is nothing new under the sun, never seem to take into account, or to notice the other side of the question, that many of the "old things" of the standard institutions of our childhood no longer exist. There are no children now, no Wellington boots, hackney-coaches, trouser-straps, no saloop, no Margate boys, no miniature painters. Gone is the miniature painter's occupation, gone is the little stand containing the red-coated officer with the black hair and the thin line of moustache separated in the middle, and curling at the end, with the flaxen-headed sailor in the bluest of uniforms, and the smiling young lady in the oiliest of ringlets. Miss La Creevy's time has past, never to come again. It is a good thing that miniatures are exploded, for at best they were unsatisfactory, and none but the masters of the profession succeeded in perfecting their work in the extremely narrow space allotted to them; it is a good thing that each year great strides are being made by the students of photography, and new processes developed under which the hideous and exaggerated blurs of early years is now transformed into a Rembrandt-like portrait. But the great discovery in this branch of art has been the application to it of the colouring process, by the application of which the delicate tones of the miniature are reproduced—combined with a fidelity of likeness never before obtainable. This is notably apparent in the works of Mr. Currier, a gentleman well known in the art, as well as one of our most successful miniature painters. By the general public he will be recognised as the original artist of many engraved portraits, especially those of Carlyle, Rogers, Wordsworth, Lord John Russell, O'Connell, Lablache, and William Farren. I suppose Mr. Currier found that photography was poaching upon his ground, so, like a sensible man, he "split the difference," devoted himself to the production of coloured photographs, and brought into his new business that delicacy of touch, and that artistic exactness of eye, which had so contributed to his success in his old profession. The result is, as may be imagined, most delicious; the harshness and rigidity of the photograph is toned down by the colours, but serves to stamp the portrait with a life-like fidelity, which is, of course, rather increased than diminished by the flesh-tints.

Mr. Charles Dickens's appearance in Ireland has created a *furor*. His Readings were held at the Rotunda, which was crammed, and on his ascending the platform on Monday night, he was greeted with thunders of applause, which eventually swelled into hearty cheers, which were again and again repeated. Mr. Dickens seemed at first taken by surprise, but when silence was restored, he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen—Let the first words I have spoken on Irish ground be those of gratitude for your generous welcome. I return you thanks with all my heart."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

MR. JAMES ANDERSON, in fulfilment of an advertisement in the worst possible taste, has appeared at Drury Lane, previous to his departure for Australia. Mr. Anderson is a gentleman to whom such vulgar trickery must be offensive; he must, therefore, be Barnumised by some one. The Pyne and Harrison company open at Drury Lane on the 17th of September, with "The Rose of Castille," and a well-selected orchestra and chorus. "Martha" and a new opera by Baife are promised.

A VISIT TO BROADLANDS.

WITH Parliament was prorogued, and as soon as I could gather up the ends of my web of business, and tie them up securely, I rushed off to the South-Western Station at Waterloo Bridge, and thence as fast as an express train could carry me away from the noise and rattle of London, to the hills and woods, and streams. And now here I am accordingly, seated upon a rise of ground, in the shadow of a wide-spread beech-tree. Before me lies, apparently sleeping in the hollow, the little ancient town of Romsey, so ancient that Dryasdust, with his utmost assiduity, has not been able to grope his way back to its origin; but chiefly remarkable to us in this nineteenth century, first for its stately abbey church, the finest parochial church in England—built in part, as its style of architecture doth show, certainly as far back as early Norman times, and probably before William the Conqueror set foot on our shores; and secondly for its proximity to the house of Lord Palmerston. The church is a sort of register of history, though not easily deciphered. On it the Norman architect, and perhaps the Saxon, and the English builder, have left their handwriting; also the iconoclastic visitors of Henry VIII. and Oliver Cromwell, the imprint of whose cannon-balls is still to be clearly visible. But neither iconoclastic reformers nor Puritan bullies have been able to destroy this solid piece of antique masonry, for there it stands almost as it stood more than 500 years ago. The ornaments have been damaged, but the building is still strong, and may last, to all appearance, until the Pope himself shows again, as he certainly will do some day, if Dr. Cumming and Mr. Newdegate prophesy truly. But I will leave this relic in order to notice another building, some half a mile to the south, which is as much more interesting to us just now, as a living dog is proverbially more interesting than a dead lion. I allude to "Broadlands," the seat of Lord Palmerston, which from my elevation I can see shining there in the midst of the beautiful park. There is nothing very remarkable about the house itself; it is a stone building with the usual Greek portico in the front flanked on each side by a wing. The wing on the northern side has, however, been elongated within the last few years; and thus the symmetry of the building, outwardly, has been destroyed, though internally the convenience has doubtless been much enlarged. It is still, however, a small house for so great a man, not to be compared to the seats of many of our country gentlemen, and sinking into insignificance by the side of such palaces as Alnwick Castle, Chatsworth House, and Woburn Abbey. It formerly belonged to the St. Barle family, famous in the time of "the great rebellion;" and was bought of a member of that family by the great grandfather of the present noble owner. Neither is the park extensive, but it is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. From the western windows you look on to a well-kept lawn, sloping down some hundred yards, or it may be more. At the bottom runs a tolerably broad river, called the Test, which, fed by innumerable streams before it arrives at the park, here rushes in ample volume, never wanting water and never quiet, sparkling and rattling, on to the Southampton Water. Beyond the river the ground again rises, and, at the distance of some mile or so from the house, is crowned with forest trees. From the southern windows a lovely flower garden, now in gorgeous array, presents itself, with a long stretch of meadow beyond, bounded on each side by trees and shrubberies. The trees in the park are very fine, especially the elms. One grand old fellow is of such bulk that five of our party, with hands linked, could but just encircle it. Lord Palmerston has another seat in Ireland; and Lady Palmerston has two—Brook Hall, Hertfordshire, and a place at Melbourne, Derbyshire—both, I believe, inherited from the late Lord Melbourne. But this is Lord Palmerston's favourite home. Here he was born, and here, when jaded and wearied after a parliamentary campaign, it is that "the soldier tired of war's alarms," retires for a season to recruit his energies and prepare again for the fight. And really it is a lovely spot; and when I walked through the beautiful park, or reclined on the soft turf under the noble trees, my eyes resting upon as wonderful a landscape as Nature and her handmaid Art could achieve, the wonder was, with me, that, at his age, the Noble Lord should ever wish to leave this holy solitude to bother and perplex himself with the wranglings and littlenesses, and be vexed and annoyed with the meanness and ingratitude of politicians; I would leave all that once and for ever, and dwell for the rest of my life down here in peace. But it will not be so. So long as the Noble Lord has life and sufficient strength, he will keep his harness on, and never rest until life's fitful fever shall be over—the weary wheel stand still, and he be gathered to his forefathers in Romsey old church. On this subject let me chronicle two pieces of information, which I obtained from two natives of the district. "Why does not Lord Palmerston retire from public life, and come down here and live quietly?" said I to a gentleman that I overtook on the road. "Why, do you see," was the reply, "he would do so, but for Lady Palmerston. She is a very ambitious lady, do you see, and won't let him retire." A day or two after this, I saw a gentleman casting for trout, and getting into conversation with him, I put the same question, and this was his answer: "Well, I happen to know that Lady Palmerston is exceedingly anxious for him to give up, but nothing can induce him to do so." "Is that so?" said I; "I have heard that it is the other way." "You may rely upon it, it is: I had it from the best authority." And he gave me a look which seemed to say—I cannot tell you in so many words, but I wish you to understand that her Ladyship told me herself.

PALMERSTON AT HOME.

Whilst walking in these grounds and sauntering on the neighbouring hills, I tried, but found it impossible, to realise Lord Palmerston as a country gentleman. Palmerston in Downing Street I could fancy, and Palmerston in the House of Commons I know full well. His dress, his gait, his voice are all familiar to me as household words. But the great statesman in country gear, wandering in these avenues, galloping along these shady lanes, chatting with his tenants, superintending the alterations and improvements on his farm, crossing the country in scarlet coat, or beating the covers with dog and gun, I could not imagine. And if I had met him in shooting frock or in scarlet, I should have started as if I were to discover the Lord Mayor of London, in his robes, with his sheriffs and remembrancers and sword-bearer, picnicking at Rufus's Stone, in the heart of the New Forest. Palmerston rising up in the House to make a speech, at "some wee short hour ayont the twal," is natural; but Palmerston peering into a pig-stye, or critically examining a herd of oxen, or discoursing with a tenant on the merits of Southdowns, is an anomaly—an anachronism which I cannot understand; and yet all this the Noble Lord does when he is down here. He hunts, he shoots, he gallops round his estate, looks after his improvements, knows every horse in his stable, every bullock in his park, and can discourse as learnedly upon their merits as he can upon international treaties, the Danubian Provinces, or European diplomacy. His Lordship does not fish, I believe, although that river Test which I have mentioned is full of trout, as I can testify. But though his Lordship does not fish, his friends may often be seen upon the banks of the river. Lately Lord Chief Justice Cockburn might be seen, in sporting attire, throwing a fly. Fancy, if you can, ye Cockney lawyers in Westminster Hall, that wizged and robed justice, dressed in fustian coat, wide-awake, and water-boots, fishing for trout! Let us hope that his Lordship was as successful in his casts as he was when in Parliament, he fished for office; for, if so, he went home with a heavy creel. Having mentioned bullocks, let me notice that Lord Palmerston has a singularly beautiful breed in his park, to me quite new. They are about the size of Alderneys; but their peculiarity is, that in the fore and aft regions they are of a deep red, whilst round the middle there is a broad band of pure white. They may be known elsewhere, but to me they are entirely new.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.

By the kindness of "a friend at court," I was admitted inside of the house, and walked through the principal rooms, but I have not much to say about it, for, in truth, there is not much to be said. There is no imposing architecture to describe, nor is there any gorgeous decorations nor costly furniture; but everything is though handsome enough, quiet and simple. There are some good pictures on the walls by the old masters, Claude, Titian, Rembrandt, Reubens, Carracci, &c.

but I had little disposition to examine them, for it was the *genius loci* that I was thinking about. My fancy was running upon the great statesman who domiciles here. At length we entered into a plainly furnished apartment, and were told by the attendant, "This is his Lordship's room." Here, then, we were in the great statesman's work-shop. In the corner was a high desk, at which "his Lordship works;" the anvil on which the Jupiter Tonans forges his thunderbolts. How many despatches, thought I, have been indited there, which paled the faces of European monarchs, and perplexed their hearts with fear of change! His Lordship always stands when he writes. Amongst many other things, he has discovered that too much repose prematurely kills the world, and therefore he stands. His time for work is here, as it is in London—the night; and long after the labourers around him are laid horizontally on their beds, snoring music to their dreams, his lamp is burning and he is hard at work; for there is no cessation from work for our statesman, even here. The post daily brings him voluminous despatches which must be pondered and answered. The telegraph flashes messages, which must be promptly attended to. Cessation from work! How can a minister who guides the destinies of a great nation, as Palmerston has done through the greater part of his life, cease from work? Many hard workers, farmers and labourers, there are on his estate; but the Lord of the domain is unquestionably the hardest worker of them all. It was probably in this room that Mr. Wilkoff, of whom we lately read, was bought and sold. From his Lordship's room I stepped into the library, which, as a library, is not specially noteworthy. But there was one object which caught my attention, at which I could hardly refrain from laughing. It was a bench, on which was ranged a pile of wide-awakes, or, as they are called in some parts, Billy-cocks; then some half dozen piles of gloves of all sorts—buckskin, tanned leather, and kid—most of which were very old; and last, a curious old hat, of the fashion of twenty years ago, with a very large crown and singularly small brim; all these, which looked as if they were laid there to await the arrival of some peripatetic dealer in old clothes, were so arranged, I was told, "by order." So that the Noble Lord, whether he be going to hunt or shoot, or prune his trees, or visit his farms—whether it be hot or cold, or wet or dry, may always find here suitable gloves and tle. In the hall, as I passed on, I noticed a bust of the Noble Lord. It is a capital likeness, and stands between a couple of antiques—Roman emperors, I think, but taking no notes I forget their names. One thing, however, I could not help remarking, namely, that our English statesman has a far grander head than those Roman swells. Who knows, said I to myself as I looked upon these three, but some thousand years hence, this central bust will be dug up, exhibited in some hall or museum as an antique, and bother and perplex future antiquarians to decide who it is. "Will his Lordship's name survive a thousand years?" said I, mentally; "perhaps not—it is a long time; we have the printing press now, it is true, and shall have for a thousand years to come—but history obviously cannot continue to chronicle so voluminously as she does now. And then what accidents may happen—wars, revolutions, explosions, that Battle of Armageddon which our prophets have so long talked about, to destroy our historic documents! For forty years Palmerston's name has been before the public. It is unquestionably historic now; but whether it will be known a thousand years hence is questionable. And then objects which are really far off from each other look to be nearer as we recede therefrom, and if we get far enough, appear to be close together. And so, if this bust should be dug up, I can conceive that it will not be easy to decide the age, and immensely difficult to discover whom it represents. And thus meditating, I wended my way home."

THERE IS A RUMOUR (ill-founded, we fear) that Lord Palmerston is about to retire from public life.

THE FORESTERS' FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, on Tuesday, assembled a greater company than ever seen there—45,738 persons were present. Such a result must be encouraging to all parties concerned.

COLONEL BROWNE, C.B., has resigned the office of commissioner of the Dublin police. He will be succeeded by Colonel Henry Lake (of Kars), C.B., unattached aide-de-camp to the Queen.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has been for some time past in negotiation with the English Transatlantic Company for laying down a cable by Bering's Straits; and the conclusion of this affair has only been delayed in consequence of the repeated failures in laying down the Transatlantic cable.

SITINGS OF THE NEW INDIAN COUNCIL.—It is rumoured that Lord Stanley has intimated to the new Indian Council, that they are to sit at formerly in Leadenhall Street, and that he will occasionally take the chair as president. A portion of the clerks at the India Board are to be retained, who are to receive the decisions of the council, and to revise or amend as heretofore.

BURIED ALIVE FOR EIGHT HOURS.—A well-digger, named Dorman, was engaged in the excavation of a well at Chelmsford, when, at a depth of about twenty-six feet, the sides gave way, and the unfortunate man was buried beneath a mass of earth and bricks, from which he was only extricated after eight hours' assiduous and persevering toil. So hopeless and dangerous appeared the attempt to save him, that it was several times abandoned; but the perseverance of his fellow-labourers was at length rewarded by the happiness of bringing him out alive, and without any material injury.

TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.—The National Temperance League had a "demonstration" at Sudbrook Park, Richmond, on Monday. Spacious marquees were erected; there was an excellent band, and a rural fete took place, with dancing on the green, archery, cricket, &c. &c. In the afternoon, Mr. J. B. Gough and other temperance orators addressed the meeting, which was several thousands strong.

DEATH OF MR. J. P. HARLEY.—The death of this veteran actor took place on Sunday afternoon. He was suddenly struck with paralysis while performing his character of Launcelot Gobbo, in "The Merchant of Venice," at the Princess's on Friday evening. On leaving the stage, he was observed to stagger, and would have fallen, if he had not been supported. He was carried home with all care. For a brief time he was sensible, but soon after lost all consciousness. Mr. Harley was in his sixty-ninth year. He was never married.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.—A new dictionary is to be prepared under the authority of the Philological Society. The work has been placed by the society in the hands of two committees—the one literary and historical, consisting of the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Furnivall, and Mr. H. Coleridge; and the other etymological, composed of Mr. Wedgwood, Professor Malden, and another not yet named. The former of these committees will edit the dictionary, and direct the general working of the scheme; and arrangements have been made for an early publication in parts.

DICTIONARY MAKERS AND NEW WORDS.—The force of circumstances drives them occasionally to unbar their doors to a new comer—and the graciousness of the reception depends wholly on the stranger's pedigree. Any Greek or Latin monster, with eight unpronounceable feet, is sure of a pretty cordial welcome. A French interloper is admitted under protest, and, after a long probation, in italics; but if there should rise to the surface a bit of compact and sinewy Saxon, fashioned below in the same rough mould through which our whole language has passed, and to which it owes its genius and its form, the prim pedant wraps around him his gaberdeen of purity, and shrinks from touching anything so common and unclean. "Aesthetic" and "dramatisation" have been admitted by acclamation; "bore" and "humbug," though they may be found in every newspaper and heard in every mouth, and though they have no equivalent in the language, still linger without as base-born pariahs.—Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND WHISKY.—There are 74 Irish towns, averaging 2,500 inhabitants, which have not a single seller of books in them. Some of these have 12,000 beings, "with a due course of reason," who have no books. Six Irish counties have no bookseller and no circulating library. In proportion to population, Scotland maintains nine times the number of booksellers that Ireland does, and consumes £1,500,000 a year on whisky! In eight years the amount paid by the Scotch for that inspiring commodity appears to have doubled. It is notorious that in America the consumption of books and spirits is equally great. In Ireland the quantity of whisky per head consumed is about a third of that disposed of by Scottish "thirsty souls."

A LONG RANGE.—General Jacob says:—"Judging from experiments made, as an old artillery officer, as well as a rifeman and practical mechanic, I am decidedly of opinion that a four-grooved rifled iron gun, of a bore of four inches in diameter, weighing not less than twenty-four hundred weight, could be made to throw shot to a distance of ten miles and more with accuracy." If this surmise should prove well founded, it may be practicable, at no distant day, for a fleet to bombard a city, the inhabitants of which may be unable during the operation even to decry their assailants.

ALEXIS SOYER.

Few people were better known in the "town" than Alexis Soyer. Few were generally liked; and the good society, not only in Ireland but in the Crimea during the war, owed his endeavours to improve barracks but also by teaching the people how to use much good food commonly wasted to more than ordinary notice.

Alexis Soyer was born at Meaux, in France, in October, 1809. His consequent partly upon his participation in the Crimean campaign, and in the hospitals of Scutari, his originally vigorous constitution, and the seeds of a fatal malady. Before his death his health was the labours of re-modelling the army, and the study of the various means to increase the comfort of our soldiers in barracks and in the field, were too nearly enfeebled energies. He lapsed into coma, and so continued up to the death.

The parents of the departed chef were men in the town in which he was born. Alexis was the youngest of three children. His parents designed him for the clergy, and he was sent for his education to the School of Meaux—instituted by the Abbé Bossuet—where he remained for some years, and officiated as a chorister, until others got into disgrace by retaining a beltry, and alarming the town with a peal. He was then sent to Paris, and was apprenticed to a celebrated restaurant at the Palais Royal (D'Orléans). There he remained for years, to great advantage, it would seem. By this time his elder brother, who had been educated to the profession of cook, obtained the position of chef at the house of Cambridge's, in this country. Alexis, anxious to see the world, came over to England, on a visit to his brother. At Cambridge House he cooked for the dinner in England, for the then Prince George; and it was only by accident that the last dinner he cooked (at the Wellington barracks) was not partaken of by the same noblemen, amongst others, of Lord Alington, Panmure, &c., and became rather celebrated by his little dinners at Melton. He then entered into the service of the Reform Club, and the breakfast given by that club, on the occasion of the Queen's coronation, stamped him as the first man in his profession.

Since then, his career has been a success before the public. His O'Connell dinner, and his Souffles à la Clontarf, is thought by some to be one of the richest bits of satire ever was invented; but that which brought his name to be known and respected publicly, was his offer to the Government to go to Ireland in the year of the famine. There he went, and superintended the arrangements for cooking for 26,000 persons daily. He left the Reform Club in 1850, and his first public undertaking was the agricultural dinner at Exeter. In 1851 he took Gore House, which he converted into a vast restaurant, under the designation of the Symposium; but by this speculation he lost £1,000. After that he employed himself on his cookery books, and in the Crimean war, where he only arrived a little too late. He came home full of schemes to introduce a new system of cooking into the army, and it was while working out these that he died, aged 50.

M. Soyer was interred in Kensal Green cemetery, in the vault erected for his wife. She was a Miss Jones, the adopted daughter of M. Simoneau, a Belgian artist of some reputation. Madam Soyer herself was a painter, and produced some admirable works. She was much patronised by the Duchess of Sutherland, who has several of her pictures. Soyer was



ALEXIS SOYER.—(SKETCHED AT BALACLAVA, BY R. LANDELLS.)



INTERIOR OF THE OLD FORT, SEAFORD.



PARADE OF THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY AT SEAFORD

very proud of her talent. A son of his is living in Paris, a young man between twenty and thirty years of age. Soyer had for many years lost sight of him, and it was not till his return from the Crimea, through Paris, that the father and son recognised each other. We may add,

that at one time he projected a marriage with Mademoiselle Cerito; his admiration for whom he exhibited in a very characteristic manner. He had the lady's portrait painted and lithographed for the benefit of her friends, at his own expense. But he had many eccentricities;

they appeared in his dress, which was chiefly cut after his own original designs. A correspondent of the "Carlisle Patriot" tells a story in illustration of this peculiarity:—"One night he presented himself at the door of the Opera House in morning dress. 'Can't admit you, sir,'



"AT EASE," SEAFORD.

said the check taker. "Why?" was the laconic inquiry. "Because"—but he looked at Soyer as he spoke, and saw that he was in full dress. By the simple contrivance of pulling a string, Soyer had changed in an instant the cut and fashion of his clothing. Soyer did not wear a rich man; rather the contrary. His copyrights, royalties, &c., brought him a respectable income, we believe, but he set little property. He had some very good pictures, six of which he has bequeathed to the trustees of the National Gallery.

THE ARTILLERY COMPANY AT FORT SEAFORD.

THROUGH the Honourable Artillery Company, of London, dates its origin anterior to the reign of Henry VIII., and has since then, under various phases of existence, been more or less conspicuous in the economy of the metropolis—the public are little acquainted with it, and even the situation of its head-quarters is not generally known.

The Armoury House and parade-ground occupy about seven acres, in the very heart of the metropolis (Finsbury). The barrack accommodation is excellent, quite adequate, indeed, to all regimental requirements. There are weekly musters throughout the year; besides drill, and rifle practice, and sword exercise. Cricket and other athletic games are also most properly encouraged, and the regiment can boast of one of the best bands in the metropolis.

Long before the Minié or Enfield rifles were invented, the Rifle Company of this corps was conspicuous for its efficiency, and numbered in its ranks some of the best rifle shots in England. One of the officers of the corps, Lieutenant Field, has recently passed his examination at Hythe, and obtained a first-class certificate, and is now appointed Inspector of Musketry to the regiment, which, for the most part, has been furnished by Government with the Enfield rifle.

A detachment of the Honourable Artillery Company has just been out for eight days' instructive practice, at Seaford, on the coast of Sussex, under the command of Captain Jay. We take the opportunity of presenting our readers with a sketch of the head quarters of the detachment. The hotel furnished ample accommodation for the officers, a mess-room, and a guard-room; the men being billeted in the houses of the inhabitants.

The town of Seaford is pleasantly situated at the head of a fine curve of the English Channel, between two ranges of chalk cliffs. Indeed, few places on the southern coast of England are more pleasantly situated, and none could have been better selected for the manoeuvres of a regiment.

The reveillé sounded every morning at seven o'clock. The detachment mustered on the Beer Lands at eight o'clock. The duty, in the early part of the day, consisted of ball-practice and company drill; in the afternoon, light infantry manoeuvres, drill, and skirmishing. A Lewes paper bears testimony to the efficiency of the drill which the men were subjected to, and to their orderly conduct. It says:—"Not a day passed without a change of military manoeuvres. On Friday night, after retiring to rest, the inhabitants were aroused by the loud report of fire-arms, and were agreeably surprised to find it was only a party of artillerymen storming the battery, an operation which they performed very skillfully. Too much praise cannot be given to the men for their quiet and orderly conduct, and their departure for London, after a week's stay, was much regretted by the inhabitants."

Our engravings represent the fort, morning parade, and the detachment when halting for refreshment after a skirmish over the hills.

LATEST FROM THE CAPE.—We read in a communication from Cape Town:—"The Free State is in great confusion. There are three parties there—one in favour of a union between the State and the Transvaal, under the governorship of Pretorius; a second party is in favour of Boshof and war; and a third, and by far the largest and most intelligent portion of the community, youth for re-annexation with the colony. Claims have been sent in by British subjects living in Moshesh's territory for compensation for injuries and spoliation of their property by Free State people during the war, to the amount of £2,300. Kaffirland is quiet, and there is little complaint now of the Kaffirs in the colony. The Chief Umhala is captured, but what his crimes are we do not know. The Governor's policy is a profound secret. Few pretend to understand it. We hear now and then that some chief is to be punished for something or other, and when the thing is done, we get the Governor's or rather the High Commissioner's version of the affair."

LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF A NEW WORKHOUSE.—The melancholy ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new workhouse was performed at Mile-end Old Town, on Monday. The new building will accommodate for about 600 inmates. The estimated expense is £30,000, which will be defrayed by a loan borrowed on the security of the rates. The poor-rate is at present 3s. in the pound per annum.

THE NEW BRIDGE AT WESTMINSTER.—The works of the new Westminster Bridge are proceeding steadily and satisfactorily; the abutments, both on the London and Lambeth sides of the river, being now nearly completed, at least as regards half of the roadway. One half of the six piers in the river longitudinally are also carried to the required height, and ready to receive the iron arches destined to rest upon them.

A CHILD KILLED IN A PERAMBULATOR.—At Leeds last week, a young woman took out her infant daughter for an airing in a perambulator. As she was crossing Lady Lane, near Amen Corner, a pony cart, driven by a lad, overtook her, struck the perambulator, broke it in pieces, and killed the child on the spot.

EMPLOYMENT WITH AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.—The gossips of Liverpool were on Tuesday engaged in detailing the facts relative to the marriage of a young lady, twenty years of age, the daughter of an eminent medical gentleman, who recently married secretly one of the conductors of the Aigburth omnibuses. The marriage took place at Everton Church, by licence, and on Monday the young lady, finding that her marriage was known, went to the lodgings of her suitor. Thence she was taken away by some friends, but recognising her husband in the street, she jumped out of the car, and refused to leave him, declaring that he was the only man she ever loved. Her friends were in consequence obliged to take the husband in the car with them, and the lady (who was one of the belles of Aigburth) is now at her own home—her spouse is for the present staying at the hotel at Aigburth kept by his master. The lady, it is said, was engaged to a young gentleman of good social position.

EXTENSIVE FRAUD.—Thomas Kent, of Lincoln, butcher and wool-buyer, is charged with having misappropriated moneys to the amount of £1,400 or £1,500, the property of Mr. Margerison, woolstapler, of Bradford. Mr. Margerison has wool-buyers travelling over most of the wool-growing counties of England and Wales. His practice is to lodge or deposit a sum of money at the most convenient bank in the district, his agents having authority to draw cheques upon the bank for wool purchased. In this case he had made arrangements with the Lincoln and Lindsay Banking Company, in whose bank from time to time during the last three months he had deposited money in advance, at all times requisite for his buyer (Kent) in that district. On Friday morning last Mr. Margerison received information from the bank that there was only a balance of about £56 in his favour, which information rather surprised him, as according to his books at Bradford the Banking Company should have had about £2,300 belonging to him. He immediately went to the bank at Lincoln, and there found that a number of cheques had been paid in by the prisoner, and crossed by him as for wool accounts, which had been given to persons from whom the prisoner had bought no wool, or at all events from whom Mr. Margerison had received no accounts. The prisoner on being charged admitted that he had appropriated about £1,500 of Mr. Margerison's money to his own use. He is remanded.

MURDER CONFESSED.—William Burgess, a navvy employed at the Swansea Docks, was last week apprehended on a charge of murdering his own daughter, aged six years. The murder was committed a month ago at the village of Simonbath, Somerset, but up to the apprehension of the father the body had not been discovered. The father has several children grown up and out at service; the little girl Sarah had been put out to nurse on the death of her mother. He seems to have borne the exposure thus incurred very impatiently; about a month ago he fetched the child from the foster mother, stating that he was going to take her to Ilfracombe to live. Since that time the child was not seen alive, and suspicion being excited, search was made in the neighbourhood of Simonbath, and at length some portions of the child's dress were discovered, burnt almost to ashes, and near to a place where the father had been at work, were found traces of blood. The father had meanwhile gone across the Channel to Swansea, where he was apprehended on Thursday, and before the officer had time to tell him the charge against him, he admitted the crime, and declared that he would sooner die than live, for he could never be happy again. He anxiously asked if any of his children had seen the body of their sister.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE extraordinary affair at Acton exhibits at least one peculiar legal point which, as far as we are aware, has not yet been touched upon by any of our contemporaries. The coroner's jury has returned a verdict, which, although discharging the accused from liability for the imputed homicide, nevertheless casts a slur upon the credibility not only of himself, but of his companion, his sole witness. The magistrate who investigates the case, believes the statements of both, and discharges the accused without any imputation whatever. Now, perfectly coinciding with the view taken of this truly unfortunate matter by the magistrate, we confess that we would rather, for public ends, have had Lieutenant Clavering committed for trial. Our reason is to be found in the fact, that before a coroner no one is allowed to address the jury in defence of a party implicated, justly or unjustly, in the death of the subject of the inquiry. The evidence, in its raw and crude state, is submitted to the jurors, and no explanation whatever is allowed to be laid before them on behalf of those by whom such explanation is most required, and who (as usually happens) may be those least able to give it. Before a magistrate, such explanation and defence is allowed; but a magistrate is not a jury, and his decision does not weigh equally with theirs. Consequently we are not surprised that the popular view taken of this affair is rather that of the jury than of the magistrate. The jury allude to contradictions in the evidence for the defence. The "Times," in an able leader, has shown that on the contrary such evidence has been supported by extraordinary and unexpected confirmation in almost every important particular. We will indicate one or two points which appear to us to have been left open by the "Times" and other journals. The jury asked Captain Miller, as one accustomed to the use of arms, whether such a wound as that fatal to the deceased could have been inflicted unconsciously to an adversary. The captain replied: "No." Here is a supposed contradiction. Now, in many cases, apparent contradictions are the evidences of truth, and this is one of such cases, for had the captain intended to speak such falsehoods as might serve his friend, he would have certainly answered "Yes." But another portion of the united testimony of himself and the lieutenant, shows that the deceased rushed forward several times to strike Lieutenant Clavering, and each time sprang back immediately after. It is clear that he struck the sword with the sheath or stick, which exhibits the chip consequent upon the blow. Now, if he beat down, as he would with a stick, the rapier-guard of the lieutenant, it is more than probable that he would himself bear the point downwards towards his own breast, and as he rushed on to the blade and instantly off it, the entry would not be felt by the lieutenant. And where the rapier went in this case there was nothing but soft flesh to intercept its passage. On his last rush, the lieutenant did not touch him before he fell. The wound had been given in the previous assault. A man pierced to the heart does not fall as by lightning. The blood must have time to find the injury. Had the jury been addressed on behalf of the accused by any one competent to explain the suggested divergence of the evidence afforded, we think that the verdict would have been most beneficially modified. Any two fencers may at once realise practically a position which will at once account for the alleged discrepancy. Let one with a single stick give "cut one," the invariable blow of men unskilled in the stick. If the other guard this with a foil, the slighter weapon will be brought, in nine cases out of a dozen, to the position from which poor Gates received his death wound.

The case of "Parr v. Hesketh," tried at the Liverpool sitting of the northern circuit, on Saturday last, was described by Mr. Munn, Q.C., who appeared for the plaintiff, as "one of the most serious cases ever submitted to a jury, abounding not only in profligacy and libertinism, but adding thereto a reater degree of breach of friendship, breach of hospitality, and of hypocrisy, than such cases usually presented." The plaintiff was the father of one Miss Ellen Parr, who at the time the cause of action arose, was sixteen years of age, and had just arrived home from school. The defendant was a married man, more than old enough to be the young lady's father, and his family and that of plaintiff were on terms of intimate friendship. The defendant prevailed upon the poor child to enter upon a sentimental and clandestine correspondence with him, cautiously enjoining her to be particular in destroying his letters, and at length he succeeded in destroying her virtue. This was not enough. He persuaded her to leave her home, and the infuriated girl complied. He directed her, before so doing, to write a letter endeavouring to throw the guilt of her elopement upon an innocent man; and this device, although unsuccessful, was carried out so far as her compliance was required. But beyond this, the seducer actually had the assurance to continue upon terms of friendship with her parents, to pretend to assist them in searching after their lost daughter, and, meanwhile, to endeavour to represent to them her conduct under the most reproachful aspect, in order to effect a permanent breach between them. To her, at the same time, he enjoined close daily confinement, and represented that her father and mother regarded her departure with indifference. At last her retreat was discovered, and she was brought home, but still maintained inviolate the secret of her betrayal. He was at length discovered in the act of throwing a letter to her, while on his way to chapel. Without this culmination of hypocrisy, the rascality of this fellow would scarcely have been complete. But, even after the discovery, he had the inconceivable impudence to renew his solicitations to the girl. The Judge before whom this dismal case was to be tried sought to be spared the task of recording such infamy and atrocity; and, by the joint exertions of counsel on both sides, a compromise was effected, by which the defendant is to pay, as damages, £400. The British law provides no treadmill for such offenders as Mr. Hesketh, farmer, near Worsley, in the county of Lancaster.

The Lunacy Law still continues to furnish matter for columns headed "Extraordinary Disclosures" in the popular journals. The latest at the time we write is the case of Mr. Ruck, a gentleman of property, at present under confinement for acts certainly no worse than those of half the drunken prisoners reported in an ordinary "Police" column. The Rev. Mr. Leach writes to the "Telegraph" a detail of his imprisonment in a so-called asylum. He says, "The mystery of lunacy is as unknown to Englishmen as the laws and customs of savages in the interior of America or Africa." The traffic here carried on in the very heart of England is ten times worse than the old slave trade. He adds that if his keeper, Dr. Winslow, had had to pay him (Mr. Leach) £300 a year, instead of Mr. Leach's mother paying the doctor, the doctor would have been happy to release him. "This," says he, "is the secret of the affair." Meanwhile, the recently-published report of the official Commissioners for the Inspection of Lunatic Asylums convicts them of scandalous neglect of their duties while drawing large salaries from the nation for their fulfilment. But, beyond all doubt, the system is already doomed, if powerfully written articles, supported by still more powerful facts, published in every influential journal throughout the land, can contribute to the downfall of a cruel and irrational abuse affecting the liberties and persons of innocent English people.

AN IDIOT MURDERED BY HIS MOTHER.—At St. Helen's, Lancashire, on Sunday, an idiot boy of eight years old was murdered by his mother—an unmarried woman. The poor child was found "nicely laid out in bed," with his throat cut. At the inquest, it appeared that on Saturday night she came home intoxicated, and on Sunday morning, whilst the church bells were ringing, murdered the child, and laid out his body. The motive appears to have been to get rid of him, as she expected shortly to be married; and she appears to have taken the drink to nerve her to the commission of the crime. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder."

RATHER SERIOUS.—The Chairman of the Saloon Omnibus Company states:—"It is calculated that, on the average, a conductor, without very conscientious scruples to resist the temptation, will abstract from the receipts of each journey sixpence, either by one whole sixpence, or by reducing some of the higher fares to the lower ones, which is technically termed 'chopping off heads.' They make ten journeys per diem, five up and five down. This will give him 5s. per diem, or 35s. per week, of seven days, or £21 per omnibus per annum, and this multiplied by 600, the number of omnibuses the French company have at work, will give £54,600 per annum."

THE HOMICIDE AT ACTON.

At the adjourned inquiry before Coroner Wakley and his jury, in this case, a great number of witnesses were examined; and among persons, a son of the deceased and a grocer, deposed that Gates was a sober man. A boy saw him in the high road, at six in the evening, not sober. He chased a vendor of soda-water, who offered him a glass. A publican saw him a short time before his death; he was "just comfortable." At a quarter past eleven Gates was leaning against a table, quite drunk, but not insensible, for he went on his way to London, being Police-man Lingham on good night, and hoping that he might be soon in heaven. His employer, Mr. Reeves, showed that Gates was often drunk; and he had, it seems, a habit of trying to frighten people on these occasions.

Captain Miller and Lieutenant Clavering repeated their statements. It was shown that both were sober; that they tried to avoid Gates, who was swearing to himself, but that he rushed upon them. In the scuffle, Gates seized the sword-stick, the sheath part came away in his hand, and he struck Clavering over the head with it. Sergeant Lingham asked Lieutenant Clavering, "Were you, upon your oath, conscious at that time that you had inflicted any injury upon the man?" Clavering answered, "Upon my oath, I was not."

The foreman of the jury asked Captain Miller if he thought it possible for any one to get a sword out of a man's body into which it had been thrust seven or eight inches without altering the motion of his hand? Was there not some jerk on the part of Lieutenant Clavering? Captain Miller said he observed nothing of the sort.

Coroner Wakley summed up, and thus laid down the law: If Lieutenant Clavering and Captain Miller believed they were assaulted by a person whose intention it was to rob or inflict personal injury on them, they were right in acting in their own defence; but they stated that, notwithstanding the provocation they received from the deceased, no thrust or blow was inflicted on him by either of them during the affray; and Mr. Lingham, a surgeon, had stated that the deceased might have sustained the wound by rushing forward and falling on the sword. Supposing the wound was so inflicted, the jury could return no other verdict except homicide by misadventure or that of accidental death. If, however, they thought the wound was inflicted by Lieutenant Clavering in the heat of passion, it would without doubt amount to manslaughter. On the other hand, supposing they believed he deliberately and wilfully gave the deceased that stroke, it would be murder, and as atrocious a murder as ever was committed.

The jury were absent in deliberation about an hour and a-half. They found this verdict—

"We, the jurors, consider that the death of John Gates was caused by a wound in his chest, which penetrated to his lungs and heart; but whether the said wound was inflicted wilfully, or was caused accidentally, there is not before the jurors sufficient evidence to prove."

The coroner said he was bound to say that, had he been a jurymen in this case, he should have returned a verdict of that kind. The circumstances of the case were involved in great doubt and difficulty; but this was a very severe verdict, because, in point of fact, it showed that Lieutenant Clavering's description of the manner in which the wound was inflicted was not credited. At the same time he must remark that none of the particulars of the case would have been known, if these gentlemen had not come forward as witnesses. The foreman said there were some statements made in the evidence which they found it impossible to reconcile. Captain Miller and Lieutenant Clavering were discharged in their recognizances.

Next day, Lieutenant Clavering appeared before the Hammersmith magistrate to be examined. Captain Miller repeated his evidence. The son of Gates applied for an adjournment, on the ground that his solicitor was not present. Mr. Dayman, the magistrate, said that the only evidence at present were the statements of Captain Miller and Lieutenant Clavering; and Mr. Gates had no more. Gates replied that it was necessary to bear in mind how easily two men could take the life of one, and that dead men told no tales. Mr. Dayman said this remark conveyed a serious insinuation, to which Gates rejoined that it was his confirmed opinion. He hoped the magistrate would excuse him, for he spoke under the feeling caused by the loss of his father. He repeated his application for an adjournment of the inquiry, which was again refused by Mr. Dayman. If, he said, the relatives of the deceased or the superintendent could discover anything on which Lieutenant Clavering could be held chargeable, they would be at liberty to apprehend him, and he could be brought up again; but at present he had no evidence on which he could be detained. The inquiry then terminated, and Lieutenant Clavering left the Court, as he came, accompanied by his friends.

SUPPOSED MURDER AT CAMBERWELL.—Some excitement was created at Camberwell and the neighbourhood, on Saturday, by the discovery of the body of a girl, thirteen years old, in the Canal. It was at first supposed that she had been abused and then murdered, but a more careful examination negatived that supposition, and the probability now is that she drowned herself.

AN ODD AFFAIR.—A curious case of bigamy was heard before the Oxford city magistrates last week. A lady named Frances Peyton, was charged with having two husbands; the summons was taken out by her own friends, and, we understand, with her own consent. After hearing some preliminary evidence, the case was adjourned, Mrs. Peyton being admitted to bail.

INDECENCY IN THE STEREOSCOPE.—The "Saturday Review" very properly denounces the vulgar coarseness of some popular stereoscopic pictures:—"If any one of our readers will walk down the Strand, he will see numerous shop windows—in other particulars of the most respectable character—which are studded with stereoscopic slides, representing women more or less naked, and generally leering at the spectator with a conscious or elaborately unconscious impudence, the ugliness of which is its only redeeming feature. There is a brutal vulgarity and coarseness about some of these pictures which is as surprising as it is disgusting. We have seen publicly exposed, in a shop of decent appearance, a slide representing a woman in bed, with a man in his nightcap and night-shirt seated in a chair nursing a baby; and underneath was written 'my last edition.' Mrs. Caudle's 'Curran Lectures,' and the various endearments to which Mr. Caudle resorts in order to avoid them, with other conjugal scenes of the same kind, are apparently extremely popular."

CONSTRUCTIVE BANKRUPTCY.—The creditors of Mr. David Hughes, late of Gresham Street, have despatched two detectives after him in the hope of recovering some portion of his estate. Mr. Hughes would seem, like other persons whose names have lately been brought under public notice in connection with large defalcations, to have lived in a style wholly incompatible with his position in society. He resided at Canonbury Park, and had also a marine residence at Ramsgate. He kept six carriages and twenty horses, and indulged in an extravagance of expenditure which nothing but a large private fortune would justify. The manner in which his flight became known to his creditors was somewhat curious. It appears that a few days before he arranged to sail in the Red Jacket for Australia he gave a large party, to which he invited his friends and clients. It was then stated that the family were going out of town in a few days, and as Mr. Hughes had previously issued a circular to his clients, informing them of his intended retirement from the profession of the law, the party was regarded in the light of a valedictory entertainment, to mark the grateful sense of the host for favours received. A day or two afterwards the house was shut up, and it was believed in the neighbourhood that the family had repaired to the sea-side. Mr. Hughes did in fact go to Liverpool, and there under an assumed name secured berths in the Red Jacket. The vessel sailed punctually, but one of the passengers, who knew him, posted a letter to his father, announcing the fact that Mr. Hughes was a fellow-passenger of his. Inquiries were made at Gresham Street, and it was then ascertained that the bird had flown, leaving a deficit of nearly £150,000. Mr. Hughes was extensively engaged in building speculations at Holloway, and a large proportion of his debts were incurred for borrowed money, for the use of which he professed to pay as high a rate of interest as 10 per cent., giving his personal acceptances as security. Many of his creditors are ladies, who were induced by the high rate of interest he offered to deposit their funds in his hands. One lady is a creditor for £26,000. One of the detectives having been despatched overland to arrest the bankrupt and bring him back to this country, is expected to arrive at Melbourne about three weeks before the Red Jacket. In that case his capture is of course a matter of certainty. It is not believed, however, that he has any large sum about him. The bankrupt has unfortunately a wife and eight children, and they accompany him.

Charley (in a sleepy tone).—Yes, it is true, my boy.

pete can manipulate in the art, and will form, as it regresses, a complete manual of the science; it will also aim at being, in every respect, the Photographic Educator, teaching the aspiring student, by easy, simple, and progressive rules, the whole of this marvellous art. The *Photographic News* will, in addition to the above departments, furnish a Dictionary of Photographic Art, forming a manual to everybody of all the terms, formulas, processes, and materials in use, together with a comprehensive list

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20
St-JAMES MUSEY, Cranbourne, Po

...one, for finding out the cause of the disease, and the remedy, and the safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated by un-doubted testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.

These Pills require neither Attention nor Confinement, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors. See the name of "Treasurer, No. 329, Strand, London," on the Government Stamp.

owing, in some measure, to the settlement of the Chinese question, and chiefly to a steady improvement in the trade and commerce.

eat, both old and new, have been on offer this week, the market for both kinds has been in a sluggish state, but without leading to any change in the quotations. Fine to extra wheats are mostly sold at full prices, but low and damp parcels have moved heavily, at barely life rates. There has been a good consumption of rye, most kinds of barley and malt, on former terms, and inquiries for feed have realized fairly good prices, but inferior Russian feeds have given way 60, per quart r. Beans and peas have continued extreme rates, but the flour trade has continued in a sluggish state.

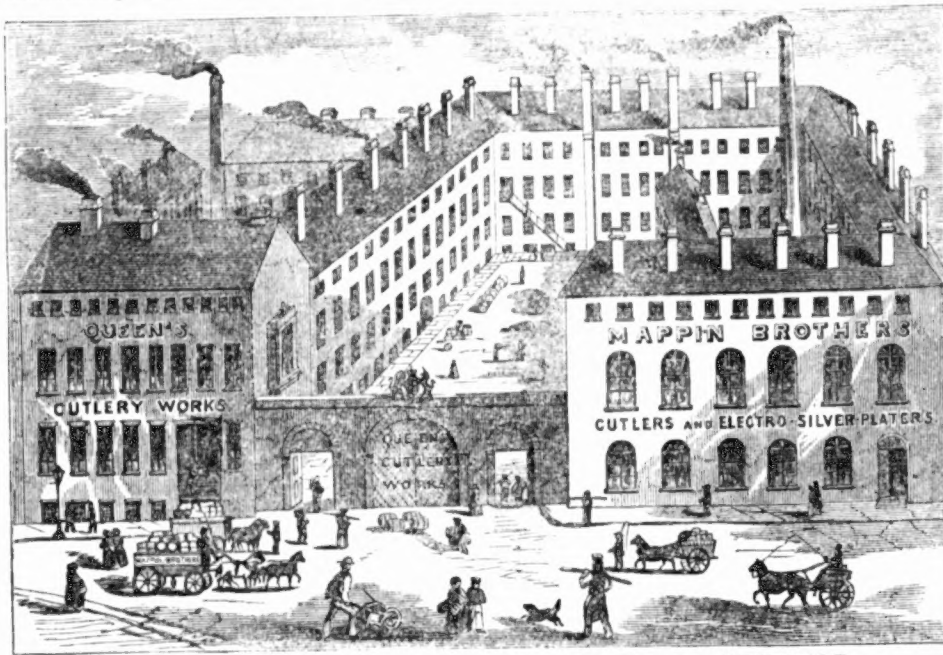
CORN EXCHANGE—Although only moderate sup- lies are at- hand, up- now have been on offer this we-

and for all kinds has been in a sluggish state, but without tea in any change in the quotations. Fine foreign wools have slightly subsided at full prices, but low and damp prices have moved heavily, and largely to the rise. There has been a good consumption of the most kinds of barley and malt, on former rates, and sound wheat has policies full at prices, but inferior Russian wheat has given way for the most part. Beans and peas have continued at extreme rates, but the flour trade has continued in a sluggish state.

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	Fiddle Pattern.	Double Thread.	King's Pattern.
12 Table Forks, best quality . . .	£1 16 0	£2 14 0	£3 0 0
12 Table Spoons, best quality . . .	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Forks, best quality . . .	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0
12 Dessert Spoons, best quality . . .	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0
12 Tea Spoons, best quality . . .	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0
4 Sauce Ladles, best quality . . .	0 16 0	1 0 0	1 2 0
2 Gravy Spoons, best quality . . .	0 14 0	1 1 0	1 2 0
4 Salt Spoons, Gilt Bowls, best quality	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0
Mustard Spoons, do., each, best quality	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0
Sugar Tongs, per pair, best quality . .	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0
Pair Fish Carvers, per pair, best quality	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0
Butter Knives, each, best quality . . .	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0
Soup Ladles, best quality . . .	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6
Sugar Sifter, pierced, best quality . .	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt, best quality . . .	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
Moist Sugar Spoons, each, best quality	0 1 2	0 3 0	0 3 0

Complete Service . . . 11 13 6 17 15 6 19 4 6

TABLE CUTLERY, IN CASES, COMPLETE.

	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
Two doz. full-size Table Knives, ivory handles . . .	£2 4 0	£3 6 0	£4 12 0
1½ doz. full-size Cheese ditto . . .	1 5 6	1 14 6	2 11 0
One pair regular Meat Carvers . . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One pair extra-size ditto . . .	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One pair Poultry Carvers . . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for sharpening . . .	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Oak Case to contain the above . . .	1 8 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
Complete Service . . .	6 4 0	8 8 6	11 6 6

Messrs. MAPPIN'S Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all the blades being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure ivory handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the ivory handles.

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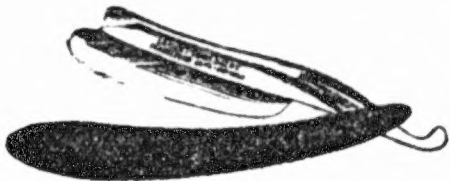
Where the Stock is sent direct from the Manufactory.



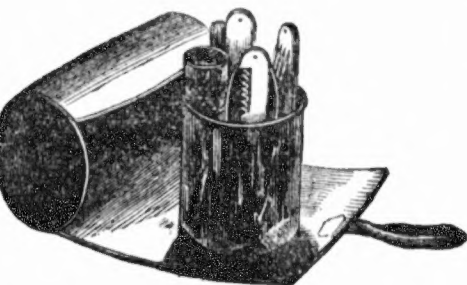
MAPPIN'S PRUNING KNIFE, 3s. 6d.



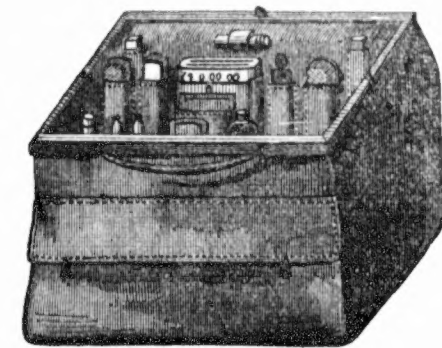
HUNTING KNIFE, containing Large Blade, Corkscrew, Leather Punch, Button Hook, Picker, Tweezer, Screw-driver, 18s. each.



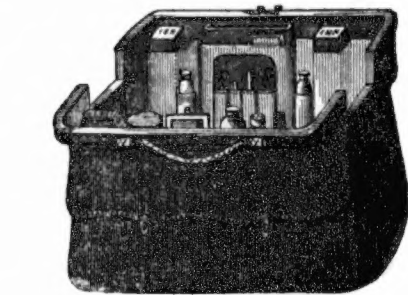
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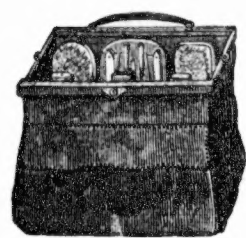
MAPPIN'S CRIMEA CASE, (4½ inches by 3 inches,) contains Knife, Fork, and Spoon, Corkscrew, Half-pint Cup, Pepper, Mustard, and Salt Box, electro-plated, in Solid Leather Case, 42s. each.



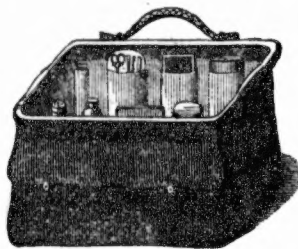
B588. Gentlemen's Travelling Bag, Complete £7 12s.



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